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JUNE 1956

CLAUDIA CASSIDY:

THE QUEEN OF CULTURE
AND HER REIGN OF TERROR

STEVENSON:
YOUNG JOURNALIST

NELSON ALGREN
on the BLACK SOX

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PAGE 42

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Chicago

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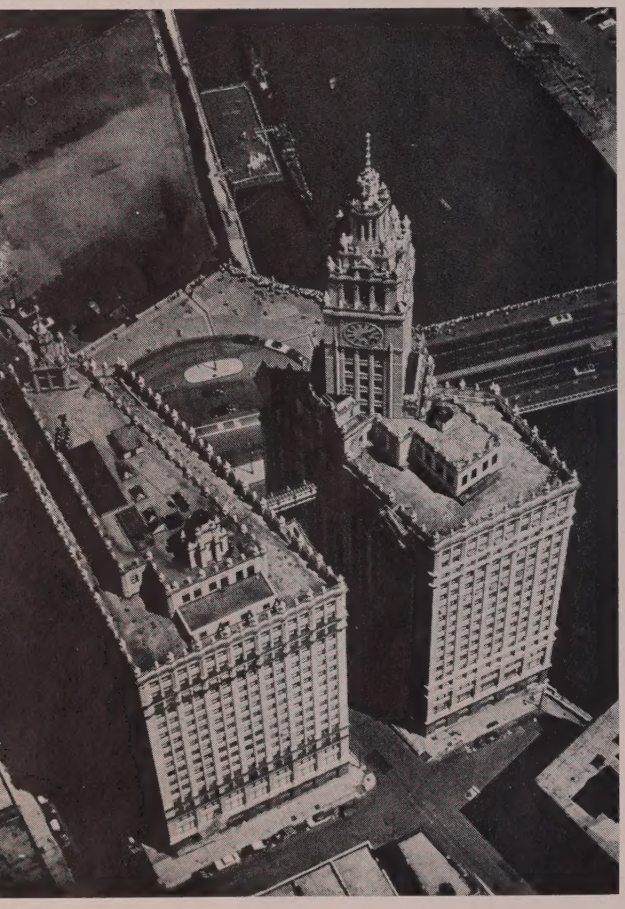
Whirly-Bird's Eye View



Views looking down upon cities come mostly in two kinds: from airplanes and from the tops of tall buildings. The panoramic quality of one and the close-up detachment of the other each has its value in fixing a perspective on a city. Photographer Don Bronstein, however, is a great compromiser. He went up—just part way up—in a helicopter and brought back some aerial views with a down-to-earth familiarity, yet ethereal enough to place well-known objects in a relation to each other not quite so well known. If the day is nearly upon us when Chicagoans will leap from the Loop to the suburbs in helicopters, then here is a preview of the new look upon the city.

Now when the helicopter, a most maneuverable craft, rolls over, the city looks something like this. Don Bronstein knows. No, his helicopter didn't roll over. But when he was printing the picture (right) he gave his picture printing apparatus an ungentle lurch, producing the effect above. It is Don's professional observation that the visual result is about the same.

WHAT GOES ON HERE

listings of local events, with emphasis on entertainment

THEATER

The Bad Seed, Harris, 170 n. Dearborn (CE 6-8240). A psychological melodrama which dubiously relates homicide and heredity and a 9 year-old girl. As the mother, Nancy Kelly heads the cast in this Maxwell Anderson play based on a novel by William March. Nightly, 8:30, except Sun.; mat. Wed. & Sat., 2:30.

Joy Ride, Shubert, 22 w. Monroe (CE 6-8240). A new musical review cakewalking east from California incorporates short skits held together by a fine thread of continuity. Opens June 4. Nightly, 8:30, except Sun., 7; mat. Sat., 2:30.

Cinerama Holiday, Eitel's Palace, 159 w. Randolph (AN 3-0055). The second of the wide-screened extravaganzas runs on and on, filling houses and parking lots. Nightly, Sun.-Thu., 8:30; Fri., 7 & 10; Sat., 7:30 & 10:30. Mat., Mon.-Thu. & Sat., 2:30; Fri., 1; Sun. 2 & 5.

summer theaters

(Summer theater programs are subject to abrupt change, so it is best to check before starting out.)

Hinsdale Summer theater, 1st & Garfield, Hinsdale (Hinsdale 8213). From June 5 through 16, Chico Marx in "The Fifth Season." Following show to be announced. Nightly, 8:30. Mat., Wed., 2:30.

Music Theater, County Line rd. & Skokie, Highland Park (BR 4-7447). June 11 to 24, "Kismet" with Bob Busch, Margot Moser and Barbara Steele. June 25 to July 8, "Guys and Dolls" with Helen Gallagher. Nightly, 8:30.

Shady Lane, U.S. 20, Marengo (Marengo 925). June 12 to 17, "Seven Year Itch"; June 19 to 24, "Fifth Season"; June 26 to July 1, "Solid Gold Cadillac". Nightly, except Mon., 8:45.

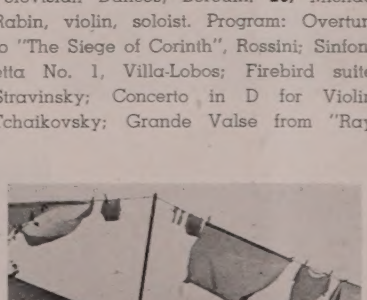
Tenthouse, 508 Central, Highland Park (ID 2-1160). June 8 to 17, "Strange Bed Fellows"; June 19 to 24, "A Roomful of Roses"; June 26 to July 1, "Tea and Sympathy". Tue.-Sat., 8:30; Sun., 7:45.

Theater on the Lake, Fullerton Pavillion, Fullerton and the lake front (HA 7-5252). June 26 to 29, "Bell, Book and Candle" with the Lincoln Players. Nightly, 8:30.

MUSIC

Ravinia festival, Green Bay rd., Highland Park (ST 2-9696). Chicago Symphony orchestra, Eugene Ormandy cond. **June: 26,** Marian Anderson, contralto, soloist and the Swedish Glee Club; **28,** Marian Anderson, contralto, soloist; **29 & 30,** Rudolph Serkin, piano, soloist. 8:30 p.m.

Grant Park Symphony orchestra, Grant Park band shell (HA 7-5252). Nicolai Malko, cond. **June: 27,** Michael Rabin, violin, soloist. Program: "Flying Dutchman" Overture, Wagner; Symphony No. 1, Shostakovitch; Concerto in D for Violin, Brahms; Polovtsian Dances, Borodin. **29,** Michael Rabin, violin, soloist. Program: Overture to "The Siege of Corinth", Rossini; Sinfonietta No. 1, Villa-Lobos; Firebird suite, Stravinsky; Concerto in D for Violin, Tchaikovsky; Grande Valse from "Raymonda", Glazounov. **30,** Michaels Mer rial Music Award finalists and a progr including Overture Robespierre, Lito Suite from "The Tale of Tsar Salta Rimsky-Korsakov; Night on Bald Mo tain, Mussorgsky; Bourree Fantasque c Marche Joyeuse, Chabrier. **July 1,** Micha Memorial Music Award winner and program including Poet and Peasant Ov ture, Suppe; Swan Lake suite, Tchaikovs "Finlandia", Sibelius; "Divertissemer Ibert; "Marche Slave", Tchaikovsky.



Allied Arts concert, Orchestra hall (2-0566). June 19, Louis Kohnop and Ai Rubinstein, duo-pianists, 8:30.

Northwestern university A Cappella ch and Alumni chorus, Cahn auditorium, Sh dan and Emerson. Evanston (UN 4-19 June 15, 8:30, free.

Northwestern university Alumni chor Technological Institute auditorium, Sh dan and Noyes, Evanston (UN 4-19 June 6, 8:15.

Northwestern university Concert ba Deering Meadow, Sheridan rd. in front Deering Library, Evanston (UN 4-19 June 27, 6:45, free.

Pauline Lindsey and **Wanda Paul,** piani Lutkin Hall, Orrington and Universi Evanston (UN 4-1907). June 27, 8:30, fre

SPECIAL EVENTS

57th street Art Fair, between Kenwood a Kimbark (FA 4-2519). All day June 2 and

Old Town Holiday Art Fair, in the O Town triangle area, 1800 block on Orlea and Lincoln Park West (MI 2-4289). day June 9 and 10.

Park Ridge Art Fair, Hodges Park, Co land and Vine, Park Ridge (VA 4-25 All day June 16 and 17.

ART EXHIBITS

Art Institute, Michigan and Adams (CE 6-7080). **Continuing:** through June 14, "16th Annual Exhibition: Society for Contemporary Art," east wing galleries. Through June 14, "Design in Scandinavia," east wing galleries. Through July 1, photographs by Margaret Bourke-White, gallery 5, main floor. Through June 17, "Exhibition of Needlework and Textiles," gifts of the textile committee, Agnes Allerton wing. **Continuing Indefinitely:** Exhibition of Mochican murals: full-sized murals from Panamarca, Peru, Gunsaulus hall. Ancient Peruvian Art, ceramics and textiles from the recently acquired Gaffron collection, galleries L-4 and L-4d. "Contemporary Japanese Pottery," gallery to be announced. "People," a small exhibition of pictures which tell a story, gallery of art interpretation. **Permanent:** Thorne miniature rooms, 67 American and European miniature rooms, gallery A-12. Institute hours: Mon.-Sat., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun. & hol., noon to 5 p.m. Free Wed., Sat., Sun. & hol., except for a few special exhibits.

Esther Austin, Alice Ross Brenning, Flora Raymond and **Lois Smith, paintings.** Through June. Mandel Brothers galleries, 1 n. State (ST 2-1500 ext. 892). Mon. and Thu., 9:15 to 8:30; other days, until 5:45.

Mar Carter and **Dick Landolf, ceramic sculpture and jewelry.** Continuous. The Stairhall, 800 n. Michigan (7-5407). Daily, 5 p.m. to 10 p.m. and by appointment.

Edward G. Kelley, paintings. Through June. Chicago Public Library, Randolph and Michigan (CE 6-5821). Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 7 p.m.; Sat. to 5:30 p.m.

June Leaf, paintings. From June 25. Institute of Design, Illinois Institute of Technology, Architecture-Design building, 10 w. 34th (CA 5-9600 ext. 469). Mon.-Fri., 9 to 9; Sat. to 3 p.m.

Ruth Linnell, paintings. Through June. Chess House, 111 e. Oak (WH 4-8486). Mon.-Thu., 11:30 a.m. to midnight; Fri. & Sat., to 1 a.m.

Edvins Strautmanis and **Ronald Frick, paintings, drawings and prints.** From June 2 through 27. Delta gallery, 1020 Art Center, 1020 Lake Shore (DE 7-4870). Mon.-Sat., 10 to 5.

Egon Weiner, sculpture and **Jim Howlett, photographs.** Through June. Riccardo restaurant and gallery, 437 n. Rush (WH 4-8815).

group shows

American and European painters. Through June. Works by Braque, Osver, Miro, Max Kahn, Francis Chapin, Margo Hoff, Joyce Treiman, Eleanor Coen and others. Fairweather-Hardin gallery, 139 e. Ontario (MI 2-0007). Daily, 10 to 5.

Chicago Historical Society Centennial. Through June. Special exhibits of portraits, costumes and furniture from the 1850s. Clark and North (MI 2-4600). Mon.-Sat., 9:30 to 4:30; Sun., 12:30 to 5:30.

Chicago Lapidary club show. Through June. Annual exhibition of handcrafted gems and jewelry. Chicago Natural History museum, Field and Lake Shore drs. (WA 2-9410). Daily, 9 to 6.

Chicago sculptors. Through June. Works by Nelli Bar, Alfred Brunettin, Edward Chasaing, Elton Banhausen, John Faibon and others, 1020 Art Center, 1020 Lake Shore (MI 2-2433). Daily, 10 to 5.

Contemporary French paintings. Works by Edzard, Utrillo, L'Oiseau and others. Through June. Marshall Field galleries, 2nd floor, s. Wabash room, 111 n. State (ST 1-1000 ext. 2213). Daily, 9:15 to 5:45.

Contemporary graphics. Works by Japanese and European artists. Through June. Palmer House galleries, Palmer House hotel, Shop 301, 119 s. State (FR 2-0790). Daily, 10 to 6.

Early American painters. Including work by Marsden Hartley, Edward Hopper, Walt Kuhn and John Sloan. Through June 15. Arts Club of Chicago, 109 e. Ontario (SU 7-3997). Daily, 9:30 to 5:30.

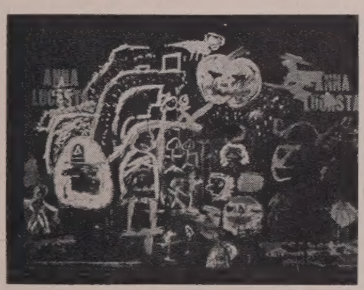
Exhibition Momentum, Midwestern artist group. Through June 20. Todros Geller gallery, Board of Jewish Education, 72 e. 11th (HA 7-5570). Sun.-Thu., 11 a.m. to 10 p.m.; Fri. to 3:30; Sat., 6 p.m. to 10 p.m.

Allan Frumkin gallery retrospect show. Paintings, drawings, prints and sculpture by artists who have exhibited in the gallery during the past year, including works by Victor Brauner, Leon Golub, Jeremy Anderson, Hugh Townley. Through June. 152 e. Superior (SU 7-0564). Mon.-Sat., 9:30 to 5:30.

Modern French posters. Works of Braque, Picasso, Leger, Matisse and others, many lithographed by Mourlot. Through June, Main Street gallery, 642 n. Michigan (SU 7-6600). Mon.-Fri. 9 a.m. to 10 p.m.; Sat., 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

suburban

Carl Huboi, paintings. Through June, Elmhurst Artists Guild, Bican Book shop, 107 Adelaide, Elmhurst (TE 2-7860). Daily, 9:30 to 5:30, except Mon., 1 p.m. to 9 p.m., Thu., 10 a.m. to 9 p.m.



Rudolph Seno, sculpture. Through June, Segno galleries, 821 Chestnut court, Winnetka (WI 6-3736). Daily, 9 to 5.

James F. Walker, paintings and drawings. Through June, Studio gallery, 206½ w. State, Geneva (Geneva 7083). Daily, 1 p.m. to 5 p.m., or by appointment.

MUSEUMS

Adler planetarium, lake front near Roosevelt (WA 2-1428). June show: "Time and its Keeping." Mon.-Sat., 11 and 3; Tue. & Fri., 8 p. m.; Sun., 2 and 3:30. Museum hours: daily, 10 to 5, except Tue. & Fri., to 9:30. Free Wed., Sat. & Sun.

Chicago Academy of Sciences, 2001 n. Clark (LI 9-0606). Natural history exhibits pertaining to the area. Daily, 10 to 5. Free.

Chicago Historical society, Clark and North (MI 2-4600). In celebration of the society's centennial, special exhibits of Chicago in 1856 are on display in the portrait gallery, costume gallery, manuscript room and elsewhere, through the summer. Weekdays, 9:30 to 4:30; Sun. & hol., 12:30 to 5:30. Free weekdays.

Chicago Natural History museum, Field and Lake Shore (WA 2-9410). A new exhibit of dinosaurs showing the predatory Gorgosaurus hunched victoriously over its victim, a Lambeosaurus. Daily, 9 to 4. Free Thu., Sat. & Sun.

Dearborn observatory, Northwestern university, Sheridan rd., Evanston (UN 4-1900). Open to the public every clear Fri., 8:30 to 10 p.m.

George F. Harding museum, 4853 Lake Park (KE 6-0008). Medieval armor, arms and art. The museum closes for the summer June 24. Daily except Mon. & Sat. 1 to 5.

Museum of Science and Industry, 57th and Hyde Park (MU 4-1414). Arriving in June is a special "Atoms for Peace" exhibit. Mon.-Sat., 9:30 to 5:30; Sun. & hol. to 7.

Oriental Institute, University of Chicago, 1155 e. 58th (MI 3-0800). Historical treasures in art and culture of ancient Near East countries. Tue.-Wed., 10 to noon, 1 to 5; Thu.-Sun., 10 to 5. Free.

Shedd Aquarium, lake front near Roosevelt (WE 9-4681). 10,000 specimens of fish, from sharks to seahorses. Daily, 10 to 5. Free Thu., Sat. & Sun.

ZOOS

Brookfield, 1st ave. and 31st, Brookfield (BI 2-2630). An unending number of animals shown in surroundings resembling their natural habitats on this 135-acre zoo. 10 to 6, weekdays, Sun. until 7. Free, Thu., Sat., Sun. & hol.

Lincoln Park, 2200 n. in Lincoln park (LI 9-3009). Young born to some of the animals during the winter are now on view. Among the zoo's collection of 2,500 animals, the gorillas, orangutans and chimps are perennial favorites, and the 4 o'clock feeding of the lions (Mon. excluded) always attracts a sizeable crowd. **Zoorookery** (at Fullerton) is a restful rock garden with a water pond abundant with animals to be photographed or just watched. Open 9 to 5 weekdays; weekends and hol., 10 to 6.

Indian Boundary park, 2500 Lunt (SH 3-8089). A small zoo with bear, deer, smaller animals and birds. Free, open daily 9 to 5.

TOURS

American Airlines, Midway airport, 63rd and Cicero (PO 7-6200 ext. 846). Through the twin hangars, weather information section and the flight dispatch area. Appointments for groups should be made 10 days in advance. Children under 12 not admitted. Mon.-Thu., 9 a.m. to 1 p.m.

Baha'i Temple, Sheridan rd., Wilmette (Wilmette 9846). Public tours on weekdays include only the auditorium. Sunday tours are of the entire building and include color slides and talks. This larger tour can be arranged for groups on weekdays by contacting Mrs. D. Cooper (Wilmette 618). Weekdays, 1 to 4 p.m.; Sun., 10:30 to 5 p.m.

Board of Trade, 141 w. Jackson (WA 2-2800). Visitors observe "the pit" where lively grain trading takes place. Public gallery, 5th floor, Mon.-Fri., 9:30 to 1:15, free. From the observation tower, topped only by

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Chicago Tribune, 435 n. Michigan (SU 7-0100 ext. 715). Visitors see all the major printing processes, engraving, composing and printing. Mon.-Fri., 2 p.m., 4 p.m., 8 p.m.

Chinatown and Chicago by Night, Chicago Gray line (SE 8-2900). Commercial tours of the foreign neighborhoods of the city. Of special interest are Maxwell st., Bug House square and Hull House. Tours begin at the Conrad Hilton hotel. Nightly, 8:30.

Ford Motor company, 12600 s. Torrance (MI 6-3100 ext. 250). Public tours of the final body assembly line. Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m., 10 a.m., 1 p.m., 2 p.m.

Mercury Sightseeing boats. Wacker drive between Wabash and Michigan ave. bridges (DE 2-1353). Commercial tours along the Chicago river and out onto Lake Michigan for an extended view of the skyline both north and south. One-hour rides available on the hour daily. Two-hour cruises, 10 a.m., 1:30, 3:45 and 7:45 daily. Special trips Fri. & Sat., 10 p.m. and midnight.

Northwestern university, Technological Institute, Sheridan and Noyes, Evanston (UN 4-1900). One hour tour of the Institute begins in the lobby, Sat., 11 a.m.

Sears Roebuck company, 925 s. Homan (KE 3-2500). Tue.-Fri. 9:45, 10:45, 1:45, 2:15; Mon. 1:45, 2:45. Tours begin at usher's desk, main entrance.

University of Chicago, (MI 3-0800). A tour of the campus begins every Sat., 10 a.m., at Ida Noyes hall, 1212 e. 59th.

TELEVISION

extravaganzas

Ford Star Jubilee (8:30 p.m. Sat. June 2, ch. 2). Top talent for 90 minutes, in color.

Color Spread (6:30 p.m. Sun. June 17, ch. 5). Sunday variety, in color.

Max Liebman Presents (8 p.m. Sat. June 9, ch. 5). Musical, "Sweethearts" (tentative), in color.

Producers' Showcase (7 p.m. Mon. June 25, ch. 5). Live high level fare, in color.

drama

Alcoa-Goodyear Playhouse (8 p.m. Sun., ch. 5).

Robert Montgomery Theater (8:30 p.m. Mon., ch. 5).

Playwrights 56-Circle Theater (8:30 p.m. Tue., ch. 5).

Afternoon Film Festival (2 p.m. weekdays ch. 7).

DuPont Cavalcade Theater (8:30 p.m. Tue. ch. 7) only to June 19.

Matinee Theater (2 p.m. weekdays in color, ch. 5).

Famous Film Festival (6:30 p.m. Sun., ch. 7).

comedy-variety-music

Adventure (1:30 p.m. Sun., ch. 2). A museum piece proving that there is life in the old world yet.

Jack Benny Show (6:30 p.m. alt. Sun., ch. 2). The wit that made Waukegan famous.

Victor Borge Show (9 p.m. Thu. June 14 ch. 2). A funny man handles the keyboard.

Disneyland (6:30 p.m. Wed., ch. 7). A one-hour slice of the Disney pie.

Fifth Army Show (8 p.m. alt. Sat., ch. 9). Variety in the barracks.

Ravinia Festival

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George Gobel Show (9 p.m. Sat., ch. 5). The careful crewcut lays them in the aisles—gently.

Person to Person (9:30 p.m. Fri., ch. 2). Ed Murrow follows celebrities home.

Norman Ross Presents (9:30 a.m. weekdays, ch. 7). Short films, some philosophy.

Ed Sullivan Show (7 p.m. Sun., ch. 2). Rendezvous for actors, generals and acrobats.

This Is the Day (11 p.m. weekdays, ch. 7). Events recalled by Norman Ross.

Voice of Firestone (7:30 p.m. Mon., ch. 7). Since 1928, good music.

Zoo Parade (2:30 p.m. to June 17, 4 p.m. thereafter, Sun., ch. 5). Marlin Perkins surveys the lesser animals with the utmost respect.

documentary-discussion

Face the Nation (4 p.m. Sun., ch. 2). Panel interviews personalities in the political world.

Northwestern Reviewing Stand (7 p.m. alt. Sat., ch. 9). Experts fire away at burning questions.

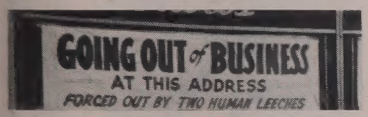
Parents Calling (8 p.m. Tue., ch. 11). Dr. Maria Piers moderates a program of lively discussion.

Research File (7 p.m. Mon., ch. 11). Illinois Institute of Technology show.

Wide Wide World (2 p.m. Sun. June 3). Live, cross-country remotes, with Dave Carroway at the helm.

sports

Baseball (1:30 p.m., ch. 9) Home daytime games of the Cubs and White Sox, with Jack Brickhouse.



SPORTS

baseball

Cubs, Wrigley field, Clark and Addison (BU 1-5050). **June: 1, 2,** & **3,** Brooklyn; **5, 6** & **7,** Pittsburgh; **8, 9** & **10** (doubleheader), Philadelphia; **12** & **13,** New York; **29** (ladies' day) & **30,** Milwaukee. 1:30 p.m.

White Sox, Comiskey park, 35th and Shields (WA 4-1000). **June: 15** (night), **16** & **17** (double header), Washington; **19** (night), **20** & **21,** Baltimore; **22** (night), **23** & **24** (doubleheader), New York; **26** (night) & **27,** Boston. Daytime 1:30, night 8 p.m.

golf

Qualify USGA Open, Medinah country club, Medinah road, Itasca (Itasca 150) June 4.

Member-Guest Invitational, North Shore country club, 1340 Glenview road, Glenview (GL 4-3150). June 20.

Pow Wow, Lincolnshire country club, Richton rd., Crete township (IN 8-9414). June 13.

Illinois PGA Medal Play championship, Arlington country club, Dundee rd., Wheeling (Wheeling 167). June 25.

Public Golf courses, operated by the park district (HA 7-5252) in Lincoln (Waveland),

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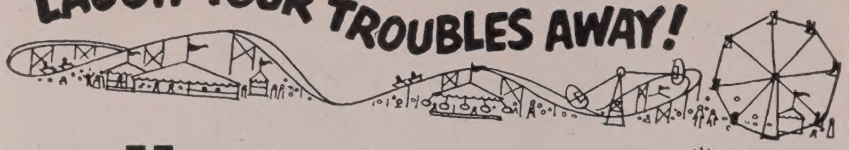

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harness racing

Maywood park, River road and Nor ave., Melrose Park (MA 6-4816). Racir every night except Sun. through June. Po time, 8:30 p.m.

thoroughbred racing

Balmoral at Washington park, 175th ar Halsted, Homewood (HA 7-3181). Throu June 15. Post time 2 p.m. except Sat. & ho 1:45 p.m.

Arlington park, Arlington Heights (H 7-3181). From June 16. Mon.-Fri., 2 p.m Sat. & hol., 1:45 p.m.

polo

Oak Brook Polo club, Int'l fields, Hinsda (Hinsdale 3212). Every Tue., Thu. and Su 3 p.m.

sports car racing

Road America, Elkhart Lake, Wisconsi June 23 (1 p.m.) and June 24 (11 a.m.).

FOR THE CHILDREN

theater

Jack & Jill Players, 25 e. Jackson (W 2-0317). Booth Tarkington's "Seventee June 16, 17, 23 and 24, 4 p.m.

museums

Chicago Historical society, Clark and No (MI 2-4600). Program "Summer Fun" beg June 26 featuring educational films in co on Indian life in America and supplem tary Disney cartoons. June 26 & 27, Boy of the Navajos", "White Feathe (Part I of a series), "Moving Day" (Disn cartoon). Show times: Tue., 9:45, 11 & 2 (reservation only); Wed., 11 & 2, open the public.

Museum of Science and Industry, 57th c Hyde Park (MU 4-1414). The new ato energy exhibit will awe the young on as will old stand-bys like "Food for Li which includes a see-through incubator

hich chicks hatch out of their eggs before our eyes; the coal mine tour via dark elevator and train; and, of course, the submarine. Mon.-Fri., 9:30 to 5:30; Sun. & hol. 7. Free.

zoos

ookfield Children's Zoo and Farm, 1st. ve. and 31st, Brookfield (BI 2-2630). A spot t aside where small animals may be etted and occasionally fed by visiting oungsters. Open daily.

awthorn-Mellody farm & Children's zoo, . S. 21, 3 mi. s. of Libertyville (LI 2-2025). he zoo has a variety of animals which ways appeal to small children, with a oah's Ark, a miniature mountain for goats nd a lagoon with domestic and wild fowl. the milking parlor, youngsters may atch modern dairy methods. Mon.-Fri., :30 to 5; Sun. to 6. Free Mon.-Fri.

ncoln Park Children's zoo, 2200 n. in ncoln park (LI 9-3009). Mostly baby anials cavort in this retreat where chicks, bbits, goats, and an occasional fawn or ama may be fondled. Open 9 to 5 weekays; weekends and hol. 10 to 6.

art

vanston Art Center, 800 Greenwood, vanston (GR 5-5310). Exhibit of works by ounger artists, aged 5 to 16, beginning ne 17. 10 to 4; closed Sun. & Mon.

rt Institute, Michigan and Adams (CE 7080). Registration is now underway for ildren's summer art classes, June 25 to ug. 3. Classes are scheduled Mon. through ri. for 6 year olds up through high school ge groups. Younger students can take rawing, painting and sculpture, with ourses in dress and fashion design, adversing design and figure drawing being offered older students. Minimum is two lasses a week.

camps

hicago Camping association, 123 w. Madison (FR 2-6911). Gives information on how select a camp; whether it meets the minium standards of the National Camping ssociation; fees, and available openings. ncluded are public and private day camps, rivate and agency-sponsored resident amps and special service camps for children with heart ailments, diabetes, cerbral palsy, deafness or blindness.

parks
day camps

ay camps for children from 7 to 12 are perated in 38 parks by the park district. Moderate fees are charged to cover cost of aterials, milk and special trips. Registraon for camp periods, which begin July 5, hould be made the last week in June. all local parks for information.

boating

owboats may be rented at Lincoln park goon, from 2 to 10 until June 15; from 10 .m. thereafter throughout the summer.

archery

ity-wide championship for all ages, June 7 (rain date, June 24) Jackson Park, 63rd nd South Shore, 9:30 to 5.

fishing

mall children can catch small fish, from nrise to dark, in park district lagoons

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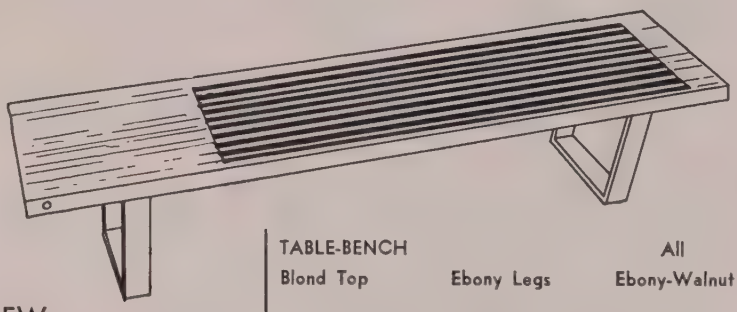

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throughout the summer. Fishing is pe mitted from banks of lagoons, but not fro boats, piers or bridges. Lagoons are in th following parks; Jackson, Washington, She man, Columbus, Douglas, Garfield, Hur boldt, Marquette, McKinley and Lincol Children under 16 need no license.

golf

Golfers under 16 pay a third of the regul fee on weekdays and after 4 p. m. on Sa Sun. & holidays at courses in Lincoln, C lumbus, Marquette and Jackson parks.

handball

Boys city-wide championships, June 19 a 21, begin 4 p.m. Sheridan park, 910 Aberdeen. Playoffs for juniors, 14 a under; intermediates, 15 through 17; a seniors, 18 and over.

sailing

Junior sailing enthusiasts, 14 to 18, m join the park district's Rainbow fleet, group which holds its maneuvers in ten-fo sailing dinghies in the north end of Bur ham park lagoon. Applicants must be ab to swim 200 yards. Daily until Labor Da Free. (HA 7-5252, ext. 522).

softball

City-wide championships, Junior bo (under 15). June 16, 10 a.m. Altgeld par 515 s. Washtenaw.

television

Captain Kangaroo (8 a.m. weekdays, ch. A mustachioed old, old marvel sha secrets.

Romper Room (11 a.m. weekdays, ch. Miss Rosemary and pint-size projects.

Mickey Mouse Club (5 p.m. weekdays, 7). Adventure, filmed and cartooned, re and fantastic.

Friendly Giant (6:30 p.m., Mon.; 4 p. Tues., ch. 11). For tiny tots.

Story Time (4 p.m. Mon. & Fri., ch. 11) M Bunny of the Chicago Public library te stories for young ones under nine.

Totem Club (4:30 p.m. weekdays, ch. Young teen activities and Indians.

Movie Game (4:15 p.m. Mon. & Fri., ch. Short movies after which come some sh questions.

NIGHT LIFE

Blue Angel, 801 Rush (SU 7-5060). "Calypso Revue" stars Luis Torrens Calypso Eddie. Continuous gypsy musi the adjoining Opera Club. 5 p.m. to 4 a shows 9:30, midnight & 2 a.m. Dinner f $2.50.

Boulevard room, Conrad Hilton hotel, s. Michigan (WA 2-4400). A new ice sh runs through June, this one called "W derful Time." The trip to Europe the provides motivation for Spanish, Fren

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The Buttery, Ambassador West hotel, State and Goethe (SU 7-7200). Quiet and elegant, with dancing to restrained Afro-Cuban music by Romeo and orchestra. Noon to 2 a.m.; dancing from 9. Flaming sword dinner $5.50-$9.50; other food a la carte. $3 min. Fri. & Sat.

Camellia house, Drake hotel, Lake Shore and Michigan (SU 7-2200). French cuisine and music. Noon to 3 p.m.; 6 p.m. to 1 a.m. Lunch $.75-$2.50; dinner $5-$7.

Chez Paree, 610 Fairbanks (DE 7-3434). Nat "King" Cole continues through June 6, and Jimmy Durante comes in on the 7th. 6 p.m. to 4 a.m.; shows 8:30 and midnight; late show Fri. & Sat., 2 a.m. Dinner $3.50-$4.75.

College Inn Porterhouse, Sherman hotel, Randolph and Clark (FR 2-2100). Dining in western style; music is by Frank York, who has a fiddle and an orchestra. Noon to 1 a.m., Sat. to 2 a.m.

Empire room, Palmer house, State and Monroe (RA 6-7500). The French singer, Patachou, continues through June 13, as do the dancers "Trio Capriccio Espagnol" and accordionist Tony Lovello. "The Crew Cuts" open June 14. Music is by Charlie Fisk and orchestra, vocals by Lee Charmel. 6 p.m. to 2 a.m.; shows 8:30 & midnight. Dinner from $4. $2 cover.

Gate of Horn, 753 n. Dearborn (SU 7-2833). A new basement spot where folk and ballad singers are house specialties, along with charcoal sandwiches. Luc Poret plays guitar and sings French tunes through June in austere contemporary surroundings. Nightly until 2 a.m. Shows from 9:30.

Glass Hat, Congress hotel, 500 s. Michigan (HA 7-3800). Big city dining, with dancing to the steady two-beat of Wayne Muir's "Glass Hatters." 5 p.m. to 2 a.m. Dancing from 9 p.m. Dinner from $3.50.

Offbeat Room, featuring the Compass players, 6344 n. Broadway (SH 3-4892). In a new location, ad lib drama on topical scenarios is done by quick-witted entertainers. Regular shows are followed by improvisations on stories suggested by the audience. The trio of piano man Eddie Baker plays jazz Fri. through Tue. Shows Wed.-Sun., from 9 p.m. Min. $2 Sun.-Thu. $2.50 Fri.-Sat.

Pump room, Ambassador East hotel, State and Goethe (SU 7-7200). Flamboyant hangout for celebrities and celebrity watchers. David LeWinter's orchestra and danceable music. Noon to 2 a.m. Flaming sword dinner $5.50-$9.50; other food a la carte. $3.50 min Fri. & Sat.

Swiss Chalet, Bismarck hotel, 171 Randolph (CE 6-0123). Endre Ocskay's orchestra and Alpine decor where even the tablecloths come from Switzerland. Noon to 1 a.m. Lunch $1.25-$3; dinner $3.50-$6.

"OUR SOLE SPEAKS ENGLISH WITH A FRENCH ACCENT". That's the way Executive Chef Gosy of the Hotel Sherman describes "Filet of English Dover Sole, la Tour d'Argent," served only in the Sherman's famed Well of the Sea. "To be *authentic*", he explains, "this French specialty must be made of genuine English sole." This *true* dish is to be found at the Well of the Sea, with all its French accent and English sole intact! Served on a crisp patty shell overflowing with mouth-watering mushrooms, chives, white wine sauce, and sliced hard-boiled egg, the whole is then topped with a delicious meringue, sprinkled with a delicate imported cheese, and served piping hot. Truly, a meal to look forward to. Hotel Sherman (you can drive right in!), Randolph, Clark, and La Salle Streets. FRanklin 2-2100.

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jazz

Blue Note, 3 n. clark (DE 2-2247). It's Sarah Vaughan backed by a trio, and the quiet guitar of Johnny Smith through June 10. Stan Kenton and big band open the 24th, and on June 27 Oscar Peterson and trio plus the swinging Max Roach-Clifford Brown quintet open. 9:30 p.m. to 3:30 a.m.; Sun. mat. 5 to 7 p.m. features soft drinks for teen-agers. Closed Mon. & Tue. Food a la carte. $3 min.

Cloister inn, Maryland hotel, 900 Rush (SU 7-4568). The excellent Pat Moran group remains to play bright jazz Wed. through Sun. And on Mon. and Tue. Dick Marx, Johnny Frigo and Lurlean Hunter exhibit fine musicianship. 10 p.m. to 4 a.m. No cover or min. and the serious jazz enthusiasts sit at the bar and leave the tables for the conventioneers.

Easy street, in the alley at Elm st. between State and Dearborn (WH 4-4748). Very, very Near North in attitude and atmosphere. The Billy Wallace trio plays Wed.-Sun. and Leigh Travis sings in the current flat, throaty style. Blind John Davis plays and sings the blues on Mon. & Tues. 9 p.m. until 4 a.m.

Jazz Ltd., 11 e. Grand (SU 7-2907). Dixieland fans collect in this downstairs spot of Bill Reinhardt's. 9 p.m. to 4 a.m. Closed Sun. $2 min.

Key lounge, 1020 Montrose (LO 1-2833). Local combos, good ones, appear here Wed. through Sun. From 10 p.m. to 4 a.m.

London house, 360 n. Michigan (AN 3-6920). The Barbara Carroll trio remains through June. Steaks and chops a house specialty. Dinner from $3.75.

Max Miller Scene, 2126 n. Clark (EA 7-8760). Max the proprietor makes the scene, of course, and, in June, Phyllis Branch sings and Earma Jean Thompson plays piano. 9 p.m. to 4 a.m. Closed Mon. & Tue.

Pershing lounge, Pershing hotel, 6400 s. Cottage Grove (MU 4-6400). The Ahmad Jamal group remains, with carefully rehearsed, often repeated arrangements. Wed.-Sun., from 10 p.m. to 4 a.m.

EATING OUT

Agostino's, 7 e. Delaware (DE 7-9862). New surroundings here but the rolled filet mignon bracciole, chicken Vesuvio and steaks are served in the same delightful manner. Mon.-Sat., 5 p.m. to 4 a.m.; Sun., from 1:30 p.m. Dinner from $2.25.

Berghoff, 17 w. Adams (HA 7-3170). Large portions of genuine German food from corned beef and cabbage to sauerbraten, and a dark beer that makes the meal complete. 11:30 to 10; closed Sun. Lunch $1-$2.50; dinner $1.75-$4.

Blackhawk, 139 n. Wabash (RA 6-2822). Waiters are busy here attending the rolling rib cart and spinning salad bowl. Weekdays, 11 to 10:30; Sat., 1:30 to 1:30; Sun., 3:30 to 10.. Dinner $2.50-$5.

Cafe Bonaparte, Sheraton-Blackstone hotel, Michigan and Balbo (HA 7-4300). Very elegant dishes served in very new and elegant surroundings. Hal Otis provides dance music after 9:30. Noon to 1 a.m. Dinner from $6.

Cafe De Paris, 1260 n. Dearborn (WH 4-5620). Delightful French fare, all the more enjoyable in this Gallic setting. Crepes suzettes are, of course, a house specialty. Daily, 5 to 11. Dinner $3.90-$6.50.

Cameo, 116 e. Walton (SU 7-1200). Decorative dining where such dishes as poached whitefish with egg sauce and creme St. Germaine pea soup are big favorites, and the roast beef, as all else, is done to perfection. Noon to 1 a.m. Dinner from $3.50. Closed Sun.

Cafe Bohemia, 138 s. Clinton (AN 3-8310). A wide range of Bohemian dishes is served here as well as a good selection of fresh game. 11 a.m. to midnight; Lunch $1.35-$1.65; dinner $1.75-$4.75. Closed Sun. & ho.

Cape Cod room, Drake hotel, Lake Shore and Michigan (SU 7-2200). Excellent seafood for all kinds of appetites can be enjoyed here in tasteful surroundings. Daily, noon t midnight. A la cart from $2.75.

Churchill room, 1255 n. State (MO 4-6111). Steaks broiled over an open hearth and rib of beef from a huge rib cart are hous specialties served in either of two rooms decorated in the modern manner. Daily, to 4 a.m. A la carte from $2.35.

Clipper room, Atlantic hotel, 316 s. Clar (WA 2-2646). Sea food with a sea-around you atmosphere. Also German dishes. 11:3 to 8:30. A la carte from $1.55. Closed Sat. Sun.

Continental Gourmet, 1508 e. 57th (P 2-9355). Delicious hors d'oeuvres are bo stered by special national dishes in candle-lit room. 4:30 to 10. Dinner $1.7 $3.75. Closed Sat., Sun. & Mon.

Fred Harvey's Harlequin room, Palmoliv building, 919 n. Michigan (DE 7-0606). dark and intimate room for quiet and r laxed dining. 11:30 to 9. Lunch from $1.2 dinner from $2.25.

Fritzel's, 210 n. State (AN 3-7100). Goo cuisine that draws the Hollywood set. Dai 11 a.m. to 1 a.m. Dinner $2.85-$4.95.

Grecian Terrace, 55 w. Washington (R 6-0637). Plenty of room here at lunch tim and some foods to be had are avgolemo soup, taramosalata (fish roe) and an asso ment of kebabs and pelafs. Daily, 11:30 9. Lunch from $1.15; dinner from $2.25.

Hoe Sai Gai, 85 w. Randolph (AN 3-647 Chinatown in the Loop. 11 a.m. to 2 a.m Sat. to 3 a.m. Lunch $.75-$2; dinner $1.5 $4.

Ireland's, 632 n. Clark (DE 7-2020). An o time restaurant devoted exclusively to t manifold delights of the sea. Noon to 2 a. Dinner $2-$5.

Italian Village, 71 w. Monroe (DE 2-91 DE 2-9857). Authentic Florentine cooking

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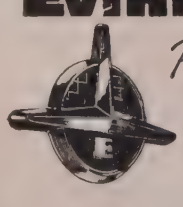

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served here in two restaurants. Among the dishes offered are some rarely found in Chicago, such as cannelloni and manicotti imbottini. 11 a.m. to 1 a.m. Lunch from $1.25; dinner from $2.

Jacques', 900 n. Michigan (DE 7-9040). Continental foods and choice wines in a lighthearted French atmosphere. 11:30 to 3, and 5 to 10:30. Lunch $1.70-$2.60; dinner $3.80-$6.

Red Star Inn, 1528 n. Clark (WH 4-9637). Reputedly the biggest menu in the city, includes a zwiebel fleisch that's better than sauerbraten, even, and portions are larger than large. 4 to midnight. Dinner from $1.75.

St. Hubert's Grill, 316 Federal (WE 9-8770). Superior food from Shropshire chops to Yankee pot roast elegantly served by red-coated waiters in old English surroundings. Noon to midnight. Dinner from $3.25. Closed Sun.

Stock Yard Inn, 42nd and Halsted (YA 7-5580). Your individual selection of beef is branded here for you personally at your table. Other dishes are of course also available. Daily 11 to 2:30; 5 to 10. Sun. 12 to 10. Dinner $3.25-$6.

Sweden House, 157 e. Ohio (SU 7-3350). A variety of tasty and delicate Scandinavian dishes are offered here amidst the handsome decor. 11:30 to 2:30, and 5 to 9; Sun. 1 to 8:30. Lunch from $.75; dinner from $1.75.

Well of the Sea, Sherman hotel, Clark and Randolph (FR 2-2100). A dim room which offers a deep sea menu and decor. Daily, noon to midnight; Sun., 4 to 9. Lunch $1.60-$2.25; dinner a la carte from $2.55.

suburban & beyond

The Chalet, 425 Waukegan, Northbrook (CR 2-0135). Checkered tablecloths and German Swiss menu including sauerbraten and geschnetzlets with spaetzle. Mon.-Thu., 4 to 1; Fri. & Sat., to 2; Sun., 12:30 to midnight. Dinner from $2.25.

Czech Lodge, 2519 s. Des Plaines, North Riverside (RI 7-9786). Convenient for Brookfield zoo visitors and offers a long list of Czech dishes. Tue.-Fri., 11:30 to 11:30; Sat. from 5.; Sun. from 2. Lunch from $.85; dinner from $2.75.

Fanny's, 1601 Simpson, Evanston (GR 5-8686). Whether it's the huge trays of antipasto, or the spaghetti. or the shish kebab with rice en branchette, it's going to live up to a widespread fame. Mon.-Sat., 11:30 to 2:30 and 5 to 10; Sun., noon to 10. Dinner $1.75-$4.75.

Klas, 5734 Cermak, Cicero (OL 2-0795). Excellent food prepared in the Bohemian manner and served by appropriately costumed waitresses. 11:30 a.m. to 1 a.m. Lunch from $1.50; dinner from $2.50. Closed Mon.

Mathon's, 6 e. Clayton at the lake front, Waukegan (ON 2-3610). Lake trout, smelt, perch and whitefish are brought in daily by boats. Also available are sea food, steaks, chops and chicken. 11 to 9. Lunch $1.25-$3; dinner $1.85-$4.50.

Villa d'Este, Cary rd., Cary (Mercury 9-2271). Continental dining in a converted country estate that has an enclosed terrace for those who enjoy a good scene with their good food. Tue.-Sat., 5 to 1; Sun. from 1 p.m. Dinner from $3.75. Closed Mon.

Which islands were named for dogs?

☐ *Fiji* ☐ *Hawaiian* ☐ *Canary*

Canis is Latin for dog, and the Canary Islands were named for their many dogs. Canary birds were later named for the islands. Wherever you travel—to the Canaries, Canada or Canarsie—carry First National Bank of Chicago Travelers Checks. They're accepted all over the world.

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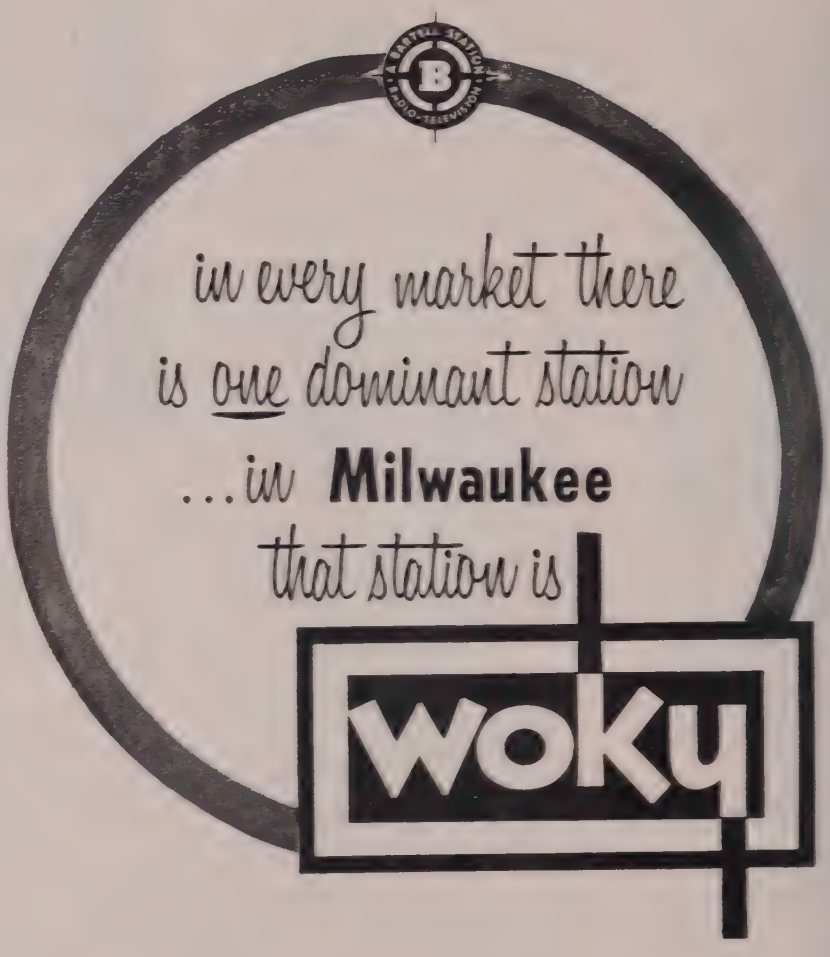

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FREE LUNCH

It shall be unlawful for any licensee to serve, give away, or permit to be served or given away in the licensed premises, any food, free of charge, or to serve, give away, or permit to be served or given away in such licensed premises, any alcoholic liquor in consideration in part or in whole for any food purchased therein.

On Dec. 21, 1936, Chicago's aldermen, unmoved by the Christmas spirit, passed the foregoing amendment to the city code and callously snatched food from the mouths of many generations of hungry citizens. The free lunch was history. No longer could a tavern owner (the self-conscious title adopted by post-repeal saloon keepers) legally provide a repast for customers who long had been accustomed to quenching their noonday thirst and satisfying their hunger at the same station.

A tavern operator could, if he chose, set out a spread of sandwich meats, bread, garnishes and relishes for his patrons, but he had to charge for it. Somehow it didn't seem the same. It wasn't the same because free is always more delicious.

Today in Chicago even the semi-exclusive key clubs are obliged by law to request a nominal sum for the "free lunch" they offer. But south of Lake street, on Western avenue, there is no anti-free lunch law. The city of Chicago terminates at Western and 119th. The city of Blue Island begins there. Things are different in Blue Island.

The Schnitzelbank tavern at 13011 Western is a last outpost of appetizing nostalgia. Five days a week, exclusive of holidays, two corner tables in the rear of the long, narrow bar are a shrine for hungry pilgrims in search of provender. From 11:30 a.m. until about 1 p.m., a customer who drops in for a couple of beers or perhaps a shot or two may step over to the corner tables and take on a bite of lunch.

The free lunch has been a feature since Joe Froschauer and Charlie Wolf opened the Schnitzelbank for business on Jan. 8, 1936. Froschauer has carried it on alone since his partner's death in 1950.

Typical daily fare will include Swiss cheese, braunschweiger, salami and head cheese in the cold months, and cold cuts during the summer. Every two weeks or so, the customers are treated to thuringer and kraut or raw beef with chopped onion or hocks and kraut. Raw beef admittedly takes some getting used to, but Schnitzelbank regulars have developed their taste for the good red meat to a point where it is the most popular dish.

Stocky, jowly, balding Joe Froschauer looks exactly like what he is—a tavern keeper of German origin. Born in Neuses, near Frankfurt, he arrived in America, at the age of 21, "on Groundhog Day, 1928, with two dollars, forty cents in my pocket." He headed immediately for Blue Island and worked in factories in the area until he and Charlie Wolf decided each would daringly invest 140 hard-earned depression dollars "in a saloon." A couple of years ago, Froschauer and the optometrist next door

bought the building in which they have their places of business.

Froschauer is convinced that the free lunch is at least partially responsible for his prosperity. "It pays off," he said a few weeks ago. "It costs me about $2.50 a day on an average, but 40-50 people come in every day and quite a few will come back in the evening."

He feels that the free lunch has held the line for him in an era that has not been encouraging for tavern owners. "So far, the only thing that has helped me is the free eats here. Television isn't so hot for the saloon except for baseball, football."

The Schnitzelbank is not a pretentious place. It has much in common with most neighborhood taverns in Chicago. The walls of the half store are painted green and brown. Eighteen imported beer mugs atop the back bar and Froschauer's accent are the only reminders that this is a "German-type" tavern.

"We used to have a real nice schnitzelbank in the window," he said sorrowfully, "but I can't find it. I loaned it to a customer from Tinley Park for the centennial in 1948 and never did get it back."

Extending his hands, Froschauer continued, "This is how it is every day. They come in from Libby's down at the other end of town, from all over Blue Island, from Ward's, from Sears, from all the business places over here."

The group around the bar included office workers, painters, coal truck drivers, salesmen, pensioners, carpenters. Froschauer nodded toward a portly visitor happily munching a raw beef sandwich. "That guy up near the door, who he is I don't know. He was told when he goes through Blue Island he should come in here. He'll be in again.

"My wife and I found a little brewery up in Potosi, Wisconsin. We decided to put in their beer. A lot of people from Blue Island and from Chicago and the suburbs go through the brewery. The people at the brewery tell them I have the beer on tap here. Ten cents a glass. They always come in."

The Schnitzelbank, for all anyone knows, may be the only free lunch oasis in Cook County, but Froschauer makes no sweeping claims. "I don't think there is anybody else in Blue Island who has the free eats." is as far as he goes. "When Charlie and I opened in '36 and put in the lunch, three or four other places had it. But when the old owners died or sold out, the new guys didn't want to keep it. In those days beer was $14 a barrel. Today we pay $28 for a barrel. They figure they can't afford to give anything away.

"But people appreciate something like this. There are customers who come in every day from the day we opened up—Harry Cook, Ambrose Riordan, Harry Kiely, Herman Sieg, Emil Klopp, Herb Gehrke, Frank Gerulis, Tony Valeda, John Koehler, Jake Jablonski."

A man who enjoys walking, Froschauer strolls to the Schnitzelbank each weekday morning from his home on Blue Island's East Side. When the free lunch includes a hot dish, he spends three hours preparing. The cold plate can be worked up in a half hour. He has his reasons for varying the spread. It seems that there are those who will look a gift lunch in the mouth.

"If you have the same thing for a whole week straight, there are always some guys raising hell," he chuckled. "They want you to change it to something new. They hold their nose. When we have the raw beef, like today, they call it dog food, but there won't be any of it left. You watch."

Because human nature is what it is, even a free lunch spot has its quota of free loaders. Froschauer explained with a wry grin. "A couple of times every week, some guy will walk in, go to the washroom, come out, take a peek at the table, make a sandwich, eat it, and walk out without having a drink. They think I don't see it, but they aren't fooling nobody."

The crowd began to thin as the clock worked toward 1 p.m. The last shift of luncheon guests started to move back to work. The portly stranger up near the door wiped his mouth with the back of a hand, bellowed, "Thanks for the sandwiches," waved goodby and walked out.

"He'll be back," Joe said again. The proprietor left his station behind the bar and moved to the free lunch table to clean up. "See," he said, "most left." He was pointing to the raw beef platter.

THE NEWSBOY WHO'LL NEVER OWN A PAPER

A man about 40 came hurtling out of the La Salle street exit of the City Hall, wearing a gray homburg and a fur-collared topcoat. He paused at the newsstand at the corner of Randolph. When he dug into his coat pocket for a nickel, a crumpled dollar was dislodged.

As he paused to scan the headlines the 11-year-old newsboy said, "You dollar, mister?"

The man looked at the dollar in the newsboy's hand, and then at his pocket. "Yes, I guess it is—" he began but then said briskly, "Keep it."

"No thanks, mister," the newsboy said.

"Son," the man said, "thank you for telling me about the dollar. You may have it."

"Mister," the newsboy said, "I don't want your damned dollar."

The man took the dollar and as he hurried north on La Salle glanced once quickly back at the newsboy.

CONFORMIST

This title without amplification appeared on the cover of the last issue of *Ebony* magazine. "I Live in a Negro Neighborhood."

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

"Ann Landers," the *Sun-Times*' vicarious psychoanalyst, addressing a group of college students: "I've had no B.A., B.S. or Ph. D., but I do have common sense, and that is what is necessary."

A PRIZE IN EACH AND EVERY PACK

Gone are the days of a big five-cent Baby Ruth candy bar, and red licorice sticks are nearly as rare as penny gum with a baseball card inside. But year after year, about the time the circus posters go up and the first baseball scores drone out of open apartment windows, the Cracker Jack factory, out at 66th and Cicero, puts on a third shift.

Frederick Rueckheim left Hamburg in 1869. By 1872, with a capital investment of $200 saved from working on an uncle's farm in what is now Washington Heights, he had rented two back rooms at 113 Fourth avenue and set up a popcorn business—with one hand popper. A year later he sent for his brother Louis.

The partnership of F. W. Rueckheim and Bro. prospered—people ate a lot of popcorn those days—and by the winter of 1896 the firm had a new five-story building on Des Plaines street with a sprinkler system, and a fleet of horses and wagons for candy and popcorn deliveries. It took a lot of popcorn to feed a fleet of horses and pay for a sprinkler system, even in the 1890's. But the immigrant brothers had Horatio Alger-type ingenuity as well as industry, and in 1896 they came up with a product that would not only pay for the sprinkler system but would eventually be responsible for corn silos in Iowa and a third shift on 66th street.

The brothers and a handful of salesmen stood around a big tub of sugared molasses. Popcorn was dipped into the syrup and handed around for sampling. One of the more exuberant salesmen tasted the new concoction, slapped Louis Rueckheim on the back and exclaimed, "I don't know what you call it, but it's a crackerjack, alright."

"You're right," Rueckheim said. He was right, or so the story goes. Anyway, in 1896 the name "Cracker Jack" and the slogan "The More You Eat the More You Want" were copyrighted.

There are probably few kids who like the taste of Cracker Jack better than the taste of chocolate bars. But you get a lot of Cracker Jack. The price just went up to a dime, but there's a prize inside. It's true that the plastic flamingos are not real functional and the trigger on the six shooter doesn't move, but there's always a chance of getting one of the neat whistles, and if you collect long enough, say for about a year, you can eventually get a whole six-car toy train. Besides, even grown-ups like prizes—witness kewpie dolls and green stamps.

Cracker Jack is untouched by human hands until the box is opened and the prize groped for. It all starts in Iowa and Nebraska, where the company commissions farmers to grow popping corn. The corn is shipped via some 600 railroad cars to the siding of the factory here. Molasses for the syrup is sent from the South during the winter months in big tank cars. Then it's stored at the 66th street factory (the only one in the country) in chilled tanks some three stories high.

The actual manufacturing of the product is amazingly simple. There are long rows of rotating gas poppers. The molasses syrup is cooked in huge stainless steel cauldrons. The occasional peanuts, which come from Virginia, are cleaned and roasted, and then all three ingredients are stirred up together, and all this by machine.

It still takes a little gnome-like man to dump the burlap bags of peanuts into the peanut cleaner, and it still takes a crew of cooks to watch the pots boil and tell by the color when the syrup is done. And there are still, of course, ladies who put the prizes in the boxes.

Big cardboard barrels of the plastic prizes are shipped in by novelty manufacturers. Half the second floor of the plant is lined with them, row after row, each barrel brimming over with thousands of, say, miniature blue thimbles or one dimensional monkeys. The toys used to be more complex. They were made of metal, many with moving parts, and came from Japan. But after Pearl Harbor the plastic ones stamped "made in U.S.A." were quietly substituted, and have remained.

At the beginning of each new shift a barrel of each of the some hundred-odd varieties of prizes is dumped into a bin. The prizes filter onto a conveyor belt and four women inspect them, throwing out the elephants without trunks and the engines with three wheels. Then four more women (six in the summer) operate the machines that wrap the toys in paper. That's about all the magic there is to it. The inspected and wrapped prizes are sent to the first floor, where the packaging is done.

Cracker Jack comes down a chute and is fed by an insatiable machine into foil bags. Another machine stamps out the boxes with the picture of the sailor boy on the front; the foil bags are dropped in; the prizes are plunked in (there's no chance of getting two prizes in a package, because of the well-governed machine) and the box is coated with wax, sealed, stacked in a carton, all by machine. Then the cartons are loaded onto the waiting box cars and sent out to

grocery stores and circuses from here to Haiti.

The present company is as proud of its modern methods as the Rueckheim brothers were of their sprinkler system. Offices are as clean and efficient and sterile as the plant itself. Music of the Muzak variety is piped through air vents, and in the main reception room a trophy case displays all the plastic toys, each carefully mounted. It's a gleaming tinfoil and stainless steel and plastic operation, from top to bottom.

The Cracker Jack people also manufacture Campfire marshmallows. Employes who work on marshmallows wear white, company-laundered uniforms. Those who work on Cracker Jack wear beige, company-laundered uniforms, and the supervisors of both wear blue. The company is now concerning itself with the manufacturing and marketing of miniature marshmallows, for which they feel there's a great need. They hope, as a matter of fact, to do with miniature marshmallows what they did with Cracker Jack at the turn of the century.

That's when every kid in the country knew the lyrics to the "buy me some peanuts and Cracker Jack" song. And from this came thousands of dollars worth of free promotion. The grateful company presented the composer, Jack Norworth, with a miniature, solid gold sailor boy.

ANYBODY GOT IT QUESTION?

Excerpts from the official organ of a Polish bowling league: Last week everyone Bowler was present in Teams. . . . Next Monday will be our Bowling League Special Meeting. On this meeting you get some information how find Handicap and Averages."

THE LITTLE CHILDREN SHALL LEAD

About three months ago, Miss Doyle's third grade students at St. Isaac Jogues school in Hinsdale were assigned a composition on "What I Want to Be When I Grow Up." For various reasons and with assorted spelling, 12 girls out of 21 said they wanted to be airline stewardesses. One said she wanted to be a teacher "like Miss Duel."

About one month ago, Miss Doyle received her wings from American Airlines. Miss Arrowood is now teaching the class, possibly with instructions to avoid vocational guidance.

LONG TIME, SAME STATION

The oldest established permanent floating radio station in town has gone through 34 years keeping the same owners, call letters and frequency—but completely changing practically everything else.

During the twenties, WAAF was an agricultural station that broadcast nothing but market and weather reports; during the golden (for radio) thirties, it did all sorts of things; in the past few years it has specialized in music, the area least intruded on by television.

Fittingly, though irrelevantly, the one man who has been with WAAF through all these convolutions has a strong affinity for its present major preoccupation.

Carl Ulrich, the station's first announcer and chief engineer throughout its history, springs from a piano-teacher father and public school instructor mother. His Uncle Albert was the first manager of the Chicago Symphony orchestra; his brother, Homer, heads the music department at the University of Maryland and has written four books in the field; his sister Miriam, who now lives in San Antonio, has performed as a piano soloist with the Chicago Symphony.

Ulrich himself is first violinist with the Businessmen's Symphony orchestra, but his musical bent has nothing to do with his work at the station which plays mostly popular stuff anyway.

WAAF was founded in the middle of 1922 by the *Drovers Journal*, a trade publication of the livestock business, and is still run by that paper although the listeners, once nearly all farmers, are now mostly city folk. WAAF people freely acknowledge that WLS, the *Prairie Farmer* station has become *the* station for prairie farmers.

The only local station in existence when WAAF started was KYW, which moved to Philadelphia about 25 years ago. WMAQ began broadcasting later in 1922; WBBM in 1923; WGN and WLS in 1924.

Ulrich practically *was* WAAF during its early years. For $30 a week he kept the equipment in shape, did all the announcing, opened and answered the mail, and swept the floor.

Later, as the station expanded and developed a specialized staff, Ulrich devoted himself exclusively to its engineering phase, adding assistants as expansion of facilities required.

Ulrich sat in an unused studio in the La Salle-Wacker building recently and talked about how he happened to join radio in its infancy and his teens and what happened after that.

He is a taciturn man with retreating hair and sad eyes who discusses large and small events in the same quiet tones. "I was born on the North Side," he said, "and went to the old Lane Tech high school on Division street where the Washburne trade school is now. Then I started at Armour [now Illinois Institute of Technology] on a scholarship.

"I was interested in marine radio and I applied to RCA for work on the Great Lakes, along with a friend of mine. In the meantime he was given the job of building the transmitter for WAAF, and when it was finished he got me hired to run it. I was 19 years old then.

"My father died in 1924 and I had to make a living, so I quit school and stayed on the job. At the beginning the whole station was located in the transmitter room in the Livestock Ex-

position office building at the Stock Yards. Four or five time a day I would pick up the one hand microphone and read the weather and market reports. The rest of the time we didn't broadcast anything.

"In 1929 we built a new transmitter and a shelter to house it on the roof of the Exchange building at the Yards, and started full-scale commercial broadcasting.

"We stayed there until May of 1934, when we were burned out by the big Stock Yards fire. Our phonograph records were melted down and, more important, so was the transmitter; the metal was reduced to ingots by the heat.

"We bought a partly-completed transmitter from a church on the North Side, and by July we were back on the air. We built new studios at the Palmer House. During the thirties we used to have full-length dramatic shows by little theater groups, discussion programs and live music.

"A lot of people who became well known worked for us then: Bob Hawk, who got a network quiz program; Lee Gillette—he's an executive with Capitol records now; Fred Niles, vice-president of the Kling film studios. Eddie Chase had a record program called *Make Believe Ballroom* in the afternoon. He was one of the first real disc jockeys; he commented on the records instead of just telling the title and who was playing. Ulmer Turner did remote newscasts from the Hearst building.

"We designed and equipped the new studios when the station moved to this building in 1948, and then a couple of years ago we built a new transmitter at the Stock Yards."

Ulrich was pressed for details of his experiences in the Stock Yards fire.

"It was a Saturday afternoon," he said. "We were doing a record program, and I was on duty in the transmitter room. We saw the fire start up, and it wasn't long before sparks started landing on the roof. The main building was fireproof, so we assumed we were in no real danger. We got some hoses and sprayed the roof to protect the transmitter house from sparks.

"We interrupted the record show and started broadcasting a description of the fire. We kept it up until late in the day, when our power source was cut off. We were right about the Exchange building being fireproof, but there was a three-story one next to it that started to burn and created so much heat that we decided we'd better leave.

"We started down the stairs, but the smoke was so dense that we couldn't get through, so we went back up to the roof. Luckily, the phones were still working, and we got word to the fire department that we were on the roof. The firemen got ladders part of the way up one wing of the building, and with extension ladders they just reached that part of the roof. But we were on a higher part of the roof and they couldn't get to us, so we were trapped.

"Finally I got hold of some telephone cable. We anchored that to the roof and slid down like aerialists to reach the ladders."

BE A BON MOT INSTEAD

An ad in one of *those* magazines for a booklet entitled *How to Get Along with Girls* urged the reader: "Don't be a faux pas!"

JUNIOR ACHIEVEMENT

A boy in a blue and gold Andy Frain usher's uniform stood in front of an appliance store on Broadway, handing out balloons on thin, wooden sticks to smiling women and their giggling children.

About 16, the boy had not reached the standard six-foot height, and the uniform fit him badly. From time to time, he would replenish his supply of balloons in the store, filling them with canned CO_2 and twisting them onto the sticks.

It was Thursday and the boy, being a Quigley seminary student, had the day off. In the back of the store he had a canvas bag filled with basketball equipment. He had a game scheduled at four o'clock. His workday was to end at five.

As three o'clock drew near, he became fidgety. Then he saw some patrol boys. They stood on a corner two blocks up the street, waiting for the onrush of children. He yelled and waved the balloons at them.

When they came running up, he handed each one a balloon.

"How would you like two more balloons apiece?" he asked.

"Sure," the patrol boys said.

He told them what they must do for the extra balloons, and they immediately agreed. He handed them their payoff balloons.

Fifteen minutes later 300 patrol boy-directed children crushed against each other outside the store. When the boy returned for another supply of balloons, a short, mustached manager, with one eye on the shuddering window glass, said, "Maybe you better knock off for the day."

A minute later the boy left the store, the canvas bag on his arm. "Sorry," he told the milling school children, "no more balloons."

TAKE THAT, MIES VAN DER ROHE

In front of the three residential skyscrapers being erected at Irving Park and Lake Shore drive a model apartment has been installed, with glass walls to give a good view of its interior from the street. Perhaps because of inquiries, the management has seen fit to attach this sign: "These glass walls are solid plaster walls in the apartments."

Neither her readers nor her colleagues have known anything about the personal life of the most talked-about, certainly the most feared critic of music and drama in America. Here is a detailed and revealing study of her personal and professional past to shed light on . . .

CLAUDI

The Queen of

by Bernard Asbell

A reporter for the old Chicago *Journal of Commerce* once pursued an important business story to St. Louis and picked up, along with the story, a fresh angle on his own newspaper. "Who," businessmen asked him with curious frequency, "is that woman who writes your theater and music column? Just what kind of person is this Claudia Cassidy?"

As they say in the trade, the writer was coming through her copy. She made people wonder and ask questions.

That was a quarter of a century ago and readers are still asking. Today from the tower of the mighty *Tribune,* Claudia Cassidy oversees and passes judgment on the city's music, theater and ballet. Her sentences set off violent storms, and she sits serenely as they rage around her. She fires incendiary prose at artists who thought they were safe behind poetic legends. An actor in the road cast of *South Pacific,* Robert Emmett Keane, fired back one day that plays by-pass Chicago because "one vitriolic woman . . . pours sulphuric acid over every new show which comes here." Miss Cassidy, unruffled, replies that she is "a critic who hates mediocrity."

Her column is sometimes written in a 60-minute squeeze between a curtain and a deadline. But always it links lustrous, jingling phrases into outstretched and bumpy sentences which often beg for the momentary relief of a comma. Cornelia Otis Skinner has called Miss Cassidy's literary style "pure bitchery." Others, less affected by the things the critic says, are enchanted by the clever way she says them. A few samples:

Of Rafael Kubelik, before she finally blasted him off the podium of the Chicago Symphony orchestra: "The symphony was as shapeless as his curious beat, being distorted by arms stiff as driving pistons or limp as boiled spaghetti."

Of the Metropolitan Opera: ". . . turned the bubbling froth of *Fledermaus* into a mixture of corn likker and stale beer."

Of *The Respectful Prostitute* and *Hope Is the Thing with Feathers:* "Both productions seem to have been thrown together on the train."

Of the unforgettable Galli-Curci when, past her day, she returned to Chicago for a final goodbye: ". . . an unsteady little lyric soprano quavering like a sad ghost pleading for reincarnation."

Of Maryla Jonas, upon her local debut before a packed and wildly happy house: "I found myself wondering if she is twins, and we got the other one."

Starry-eyed starlets have bowed before Chicago crowds, clutching handfuls of New York critical raves, to experience dazzling destruction under the piercing sentences of Miss Cassidy. A rising young pianist not lon ago achieved an appearance with th Chicago Symphony, her first with major orchestra. Miss Cassidy's ur minced words brought the cancella tion of four engagements elsewher and a few months later the pianis folded up her career.

AS CONSUMMATELY as Miss Cassid can damn, so can she praise. Her ta ents weaken only in the middl ground. The late William Kapell wa inordinately worshipped by Miss Ca sidy. Fritz Reiner has been ordaine perfect and so have Serge Koussevi sky, Lotte Lehmann and Alexandr Danilova. Her total devotion to thes talents is as baffling as her force i flinging others to the dungeons c "mediocrity," one depth lower tha the holes of Hell.

Her attachment to Kapell startec one story says, the day before th youth's first appearance here. He can to the city with a cold so bad it threa ened his performance. Knowing n body here, he is said to have calle the city's best known critic to advi the name of a good doctor. Miss Ca sidy was impressed immediately b the wisdom implied in his gesture an her admiration never ceased to b explicit.

That's a story, anyhow. Try to chec it and it produces the amused r

ASSIDY

er Reign of Terror

ponse, "Don't know if it's true but hat sounds just like Claudia."

An artist always admires the perception of the critic who praises him nd, in the natural course of things, Kapell developed a reciprocal admiration for Miss Cassidy. But some devotees were embarrassed when the measure of that devotion was printed p and sold over the record counters. On the back of a Kapell memorial lbum, Miss Cassidy quoted a portion f a personal letter from the dead ianist: "Why do you think that playng in Chicago always is some sort of est for me? . . . music isn't enough. Performers aren't enough. There must e someone who loves music as much s life. For you, and remember this always, those of us with something rgent to say, we give everything." In her own comment, Miss Cassidy xplained that she offered the quotaon "not for myself, but to tell you hat he was like, now that he is gone."

To communicate her impressions, Miss Cassidy searches for "exact words." But a fine play, she has said, "puts words in your mouth you didn't know you had." Maurice Evans once read words about himself he never dreamed she had and he vowed never to appear in Chicago again. Hefty Marie Powers, adored in *The Medium* by every New York critic, read Miss Cassidy's "exact words" and tromped down to the Tribune Tower to even up the score on a fundamental, physical level. She was stopped at the fourth floor elevator.

Had she got further, she would have found a slight but shapely woman with a lined face, gently smiling but deeply sad, peering from under a blinding head of hair. Reddish strands swirl about, then dwindle and dangle out into a million nowheres. Their flaming russet is fading now, but an application of camomile tea helps restore their glisten. From this critic who hates mediocrity comes a voice so gentle, it quivers. Her words, slow and considered, don't tell; they ask. They defer. Yet all about this frail and deferring woman, there rises a queenly austerity. Even her colleagues join the tens of thousands who eye her curiously as she swoops regally up the center aisle to precede the applauding crowds out of the city's theaters and concert halls. They wonder, like the businessmen in St. Louis: What kind of person is this Claudia Cassidy?

She never consents to be interviewed. For this article, Miss Cassidy declined with the comment, "I like to write about people, but I don't like to be written about."

In the few paragraphs of the only biography ever authorized by her, one typewritten sheet hidden in the reference files of the *Tribune*, it says her fascination for the theater was first kindled by the showboats at Shawneetown. That's all it says, the lonely scrap of approved evidence as to how Claudia Cassidy lived out the years of a childhood before she rose to become the most powerful figure in music, drama and ballet west of New York city.

WHERE THE PIONEERS FIRST spanned the Ohio from Kentucky and clustered by the riverside in the new territory of Illinois, they called the place Shawneetown. There, George Peter Cassidy, a young doctor, brought his new bride from Galatia in neighboring Saline County. She was tall, stately Olive Grattan with the fiery red hair and the hardy will. The Cassidys soon had a son, and they named him George after his father. But from the day he was born Mother Cassidy called him Grattan, after *her* father. Three years later, on November 18, 1899, came the second-born. She was christened Claudia Caroline.

Little Grattan's eyes roved for color and design. He liked to draw. He liked to sing and he loved to romp, to spend his days with his friends. Neighbors recall this with the clarity in which the aged always claim to recall such matters. One day—it was not long after his sister Claudia was born—the boy wrestled with a playmate who delivered a sudden, hammer-like kick into Grattan's abdomen. Membranes tore;

his father rushed the boy to the operating table for the first of a series of operations which were to punctuate all the years of the boy's youth, and to usurp nearly all the motherly concern of Mrs. Cassidy.

It may be that those trying days, during which the second-born was blurred out of the focus of family concern, helped ignite in Claudia one of the most promising hot tempers in all of Gallatin county. The neighbors joke about the time her grandfather, Major Grattan, came over from Galatia to visit. The Civil War was still a lively memory to most families and in front of every respectable house was a pyramid of small, but staggeringly heavy cannonballs. The old warrior, in the playful manner of grandfathers, teased Claudia. They say you could hear the red-topped little girl for a quarter-mile as she hurled a twig to the ground and screeched: "Grandpa, if you don't stop it this minute, I'm going to throw a cannonball at you!" One neighbor still says earnestly, "And I do believe she was going to do it!"

Death came to the Cassidy house before it ought to have, and took the doctor of the town and the father of two children. The lips of Mother Cassidy (she was barely 30) which always had been subtly curled in a presentation to the world of a haughty, distant smile, tightened. More than ever she became dedicated, with the modest resources her husband had left, to insuring a fruitful life for the remaining male.

Summers in Shawneetown, the river packets steamed in and out, navigating the run between Paducah and Evansville. On the happiest of the afternoons came not the packets but the gleaming showboats, French's New Sensation, Emerson's Cotton Blossom, Emerson's Golden Rod, and an unforgettable one called the Water Circus. The kids gathered at the river's edge to watch the floating palaces ease into the wharf. Then, behind the happy troupe of clowns and blaring bandsmen, the minstrels and the jugglers, the derbied, mustachioed villains and the gorgeously gowned heroines, the children paraded through the town. At night, instead of early-to-bed, they trooped down into the spangled showboat itself, into the world of music and of funny and fearful make-believe.

This world of the showboats and the distant places to which the boats steamed off suggested that the world was bigger than Shawneetown. So Claudia's visions were flung open wide when, in her fourteenth year, Mother Cassidy sold the little farm Father had left them, and they moved to Champaign. Since the children would soon enroll in the university there, Mother decided to benefit now by Champaign's better high school and by the cultural advantages to Grattan of a great university town.

BY THE TIME MOTHER moved the children and bedded them down in one of the roomy Burton Apartments at 1210 California street, Claudia was not only rounding into a woman, but she had become a Cassidy. The dignity of bearing, the tense modulation of voice and impassiveness of face, the complete poise in the presence of any and all things, were hers.

In Champaign High school, the russet head blazed forward in class, but the young woman under it receded. She joined the Social Science club, then sat silently at its wordy meetings; she played Mrs. Ruggles in a Christmas program and graduated sixth in her class with an average of 91.9. Her classmates, when they weren't absorbed in their own frivolity, speculated about this striking but aloof girl and her graduation book said mistily:

Oh, she is fairer than the evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars.

In 1918, during Claudia's freshman year at the University of Illinois, the Student's Army Training Corps invaded the campus. Ten men competed for every girl. An eye-catching one like the Cassidy girl was a prize. But she was seen most often with Grattan. He was not what the co-eds called a ladies' man, though he surely had charm. His golden-red hair crowned a stately forehead and a tall, thin nose was shaped to describe the austerity of a Cassidy. It was a princely face. And a pair of round, sad and sensitive eyes were exact duplicates of his sister's. Mother Cassidy already suspected that her son might never be inclined to marry, a fate which did not altogether displease her. Sometimes she testified to a close friend, "I would rather see him dead than see him marry outside the church."

The "Little Egypt crowd" at the university, pulled together from all over that unique southern Illinois area and held together by its peculiar turn of speech, raw-edged wit and native bias, played bridge a lot. But Claudia preferred the gay afternoons at Mosi-Over's on Green street where she'd sip a double chocolate Boston while [illegible] conversation [illegible] her.

Mrs. Cassidy saw the children to concerts and lectures there [illegible]. Grattan began to think seriously of developing his voice, since everyone said it was such a fine one. The musical interest, however, was not conspicuous in Claudia. She did not enroll for a single music course in her four years of a liberal arts education. In her biography in the *Tribune* [illegible] Claudia Cassidy is said to have majored in drama along with journalism. This is not quite correct since her courses relating to drama number only two, and these of only one semester apiece: "Development of Modern Drama" and a course in early French drama, given by the French department and thus a short-cut to the bothersome language credits. She was one of the few students in the entire class of 1921 who took part in no extra-curricular activities at all. She was probably the only journalism major not on the staff of the *Daily Illini*. But she was a good student. She withdrawn one.

In 1920, only flamboyant young ladies dared to major in journalism. But Claudia was conspicuously the reverse. Students in Elmo Scott Watson's copy-reading class were not soon to forget the self-contained young woman who sat at the rim of the U-shaped copy desk in black hat, veil and gloves while she poked up the skills of the craft in which her name was to be held in awe, sometimes a fear.

A loud swear in Claudia wanted out, however. She'd admit that she washed she could wear bright red. But she stayed with the darker, conservative shades until one day Grattan happily brought her some things in a shade of pink which harmonized with her hair. He picked most of her clothes. In fact, in all matters of taste the family deferred to Grattan, the gifted one.

During Grattan's adolescent year his childhood injury kept nagging him, and he underwent more surgery, intensifying the protectiveness of his mother and sister, and delaying his school progress so that he and Claudia found themselves together in the graduating class of 1921.

The family moved to the North Side of Chicago and Grattan grew more serious about training his voice. Because Claudia would have an easy time crashing the man's world of journalism, she prepared for emotional attack. She enrolled in a business school to pick up the prerequisite skills of stenography and typing. Then one day she applied to Claude Griswold, editor of the Journal of Commerce, for a job as his secretary and she got it.

Griswold soon sensed in Claudia the journalistic talent that the secretarial role. Once, when business men were breaking furiously, the editor invited her to covering a real story. Later, he dispatched her to Florida to report a big bond issue, but more im-

ore often, she edged over to the ee cubicle of Paul Martin, critic f music and drama for a newspaper f stocks, bonds and bankruptcies. He, o, found a few chores for her and en the inevitable night came. A play as to open—from all advance whis-ers, a frail one—on the night a major oncert was scheduled at Ravinia. Iartin asked Claudia to cover the lay. If the critic was prepared for an nimpressed review, he was not dis-ppointed. His 24-year-old stand-in—earlessly opening with the first per-on pronoun, a hook from which she as later to hang some of the world's ost legendary artists—reviewed a elodrama called "The Amber Fluid" n the *Journal of Commerce* of July 1, 924.

"I think that Sunday evening's pro-eedings at the Princess theater ould have been more successful had he management furnished each intre-id first-nighter with a teaspoonful f the Lethean amber fluid imbibed freely and with such abandon by he valiant cast of the new mystery lay to which it gives its name. Prop-rly administered, this liquid has, ac-ording to its inventor, who ought to now, a potency of oblivion that will ake a condemned man walk to his eath smiling. Those of us who wit-essed the opening of 'The Amber luid' realized that a great opportu-ity was overlooked." To give that last time to settle, the young red-ead turned to an account of the lay. Then she concluded, "Plots of nystery plays are not to be divulged, et I am eternally grateful that the nanagement does not request sup-ression of the denouement. Were that he case, some inconsiderate person ould surely ask me what it is. And I do not know."

Her second review appeared the ext day, resulting from another appy conflict in Paul Martin's obli-ations. It covered a musical and be-an with more charity: "'The Trial Honeymoon,' opening at the La Salle his week, is a sort of mildly entertain-ng piece that flits into town and out gain without causing any great dis-urbance. . . ." Then, noting a song n the show: "'Mating Time' is a retty thing and will be much nicer when Miss McKenzie decides not to ry any more high notes." The young eporter, already established as fear-ess in the drama, thus settled that she was a music critic, too.

A few months later, Paul Martin left the *Journal* but it didn't worry Editor Glenn Griswold. He called over his haughty young demolition expert, miscast as a stenographer. Anticipating the gratitude of his La Salle Street readers who craved some color in their black-suited lives, Griswold sent the kid out to take care of the town's culture. Thus the administrative accidents of the work-a-day world arranged themselves to make a young girl from Shawneetown a critic of the arts in the big city.

While the men on the *Journal* seldom saw Claudia—her hours began about the time theirs ended—they always read her stuff. A few envied her skill for beating words into daggers. One copy reader named Sid Forbes, convinced that financial reporting could be literature, that it was crying for some sparkle, some bite, never missed an opportunity to harangue reporters on the subject. "Why the hell don't you guys learn a little color, learn to use a few adjectives? Why the hell don't you learn to write like Claudia Cassidy?"

Miss Cassidy's viewpoint has remained stable over the years, but her vocabulary has grown. She began early to add "exact words" which have served her not only well, but repeatedly: "burnished tone," "melodic dusk," "irridescent," "like molten lava," "deep in its own contemplative shadows," "liquid romanticism." Modern dissonance is "acrid." She mixes fine shades of blues, greens and assorted pastels where other critics make do with specific terms of musical scholarship. So the morning after a concert, if her reader doesn't quite know how the music sounded, he sure knows what it looked like.

In music, her early reviews were largely ignored because her paper was unimportant. In theater, she was watched; while her sentences were often cutting, her observations were incisive.

Whether her intuition could fill the void in her formal preparation was a question to be debated—and debated it was. But beyond question was Miss Cassidy's diligence in the craft of newspapering. She learned quickly to rip off imaginative and explosive copy, sometimes in minutes. Even in the traditional work habits of the trade, she outdid veteran journalists. While any newsman's desk is a rubble of clippings, crumpled copy paper, books, directories, pencils, clips and spindles, hers was buried under twice as much debris. "Nobody but Claudia could make sense of it," one admiring colleague recalls. She staved well separated from the staff, not only by her differing hours but by her impenetrable *hauteur*. She walked like a queen and the world curtsied. Sometimes an insensitive reporter asked if she'd fix up a pair of good seats to a show. She made it clear to a top editor that she was not the paper's ticket procurer. With deference, he turned around and made it clear to the others.

When Claudia Cassidy was graduated from the University of Illinois in the Class of '21, this picture of her appeared in *Illio*, yearbook of the senior class. Her older brother, Grattan, below, was graduated at the same time.

Photographs of Miss Cassidy, in recent years, have been as hard to get as facts about her. She allowed this portrait to be circulated about 15 years ago, then cut off the supply. The photograph on the title page is today's approved portrait, but getting a copy is nearly as impossible as getting an interview with her. All three photos are characterized by a Mona Lisa-like smile.

The handsome and friendly figure of her brother, Grattan, became familiar at the *Journal*. He came often to escort her to their home at Apartment A, 62 East Oak. For a while, almost every night, he accompanied her to the concert or the play.

But Grattan's place came to be taken by another man. He too had the high forehead and the thin nose. A strong forward jaw described him as a man of the world. The word got around that he was a stockbroker. Courtly and smiling, head held high, hand gently on her elbow, he entered the theater with a glow fit for a Hollywood premiere. On June 16, 1929, Claudia Caroline Cassidy married William John Crawford in St. Mary's church at Ninth and Wabash.

The family lived on Elm street now, and Claudia brought her new husband

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Edward L. Ryerson, left, steel magnate and president of the Chicago Symphony, congratulates Rafael Kubelik when the 35-year-old Czech was appointed conductor of the orchestra in December, 1949. Two years later, after Miss Cassidy had had her say about the choice, both men were out of office. The critic first perfected her technique in running a conductor out of town when she waged a victorious campaign against Desire Defauw, right.

home to live. But Black Friday came upon them too soon. Crawford had not actually been a broker, but a salesman of stocks for Paine Webber and Co., since 1927. It was a role in which he had somehow been miscast. After the market disaster, he stuck it out for a few months, then in 1930, he and Paine Webber and Co. parted.

Grattan had become a home decorator at Carson Pirie Scott & Co. But much of his income was claimed by the cost of his voice training. Mother Cassidy, on the threshold of 60, got a store job, too. Crawford became an office manager for a mail order firm. But that didn't conform with his vision of a bigger future, so he dropped away from it.

From the gay, glittering world of Claudia Cassidy at night, the stresses of home staved well hidden. Crawford sustained the firm jaw, the smile and the courtly hand at his wife's elbow. Meanwhile, Claudia's concerns, having been temporarily diverted, returned day by day to the developing promise of her brother Grattan.

He had become a student of Francesco Daddi, the distinguished opera coach of Galli-Curci. Later, Forest Lamont, leading tenor of the Chicago Opera company, became interested in him.

Finally in 1938, in Grattan's 41st year, he arranged his debut. As a Cassidy would, he went at it with thoroughness. To cultivate his ease on the stage, he became an actor for a stock company preparing a Wisconsin summer season.

The company rented the stage of the Erlanger theater for its rehearsals. On July 5, 1938, during a rehearsal, a sudden shriek from the wings followed by a horrendous thud froze the actors. Through a trapdoor left open in the backstage darkness, Grattan Cassidy had stumbled and plunged deep below to a concrete floor, a huddling heap of broken bones.

For the next six weeks at Henrotin hospital, against all medical probability, the broken body stayed alive. In agony and disbelief, Mother Cassidy and Claudia waited through interminable days. Finally, on August 20, the hope and the promise of George Grattan Cassidy came to the irrevocable end.

After the funeral, the stunned old mother sat immobile and mute in their apartment at 1039 Rush Street. At the joyous colors of Grattan's paintings on the walls, she stared, dazed and pale for endless hours and countless days. She was finished.

INTO HER WORK, CLAUDIA CASSIDY burrowed deeper than even before. Her candle, still hidden under the bushel of a small financial paper, burned longer and more fiercely. Her whiplike phrases cracked more sharply. Actors and ballerinas, fiddlers and flutists, and, yes, young singers, snapped to attention before this flame-haired woman whose pronouncements took on a power far greater than the proportional strength of her paper.

But the disproportion was not to last. Marshall Field was outfitting a new morning paper to do battle with the *Tribune*. By dangling the best wages in town, he charmed some of the best talent away from the other papers. On December 4, 1941, timed almost perfectly to blazon the news of Pearl Harbor, the Chicago *Sun* nudged the *Tribune* over on the newsstands. Wolfe Kaufman was its drama editor and its music critic was Claudia Cassidy. While her field was somewhat narrowed, Miss Cassidy's circulation had leaped in a day from 21,000 on the *Journal* to 310,000 on the *Sun*.

The separation between Kaufman's domain and her own was vague and grew to be unpleasantly muddy. Whether despite these tensions or because of them, every day Miss Cassidy's copy displayed multi-colored fireworks, sometimes with a stick of dynamite thrown in.

A vast new audience discovered her. Some called her fearless. Some called her reckless. As music critic go, for selling papers she was peerless.

Word got to the upper reaches of the Tribune Tower that (1) readers were reading the *Sun's* music critic in the way that kids read Dick Tracy and (2) at the *Sun* she was not happy at all. So word came down from the Tribune Tower that Colonel McCormick would outbid Marshall Field's price on her. Thus Claudia Cassidy had moved from a circulation of 21,000 to 310,000 and now less than a year later ascended to the throne of critic at the *Tribune*, where before 1,150,000 readers she assumed rule over the city's lively arts.

On her second day there, September 15, 1942, a call came to Claudia from her aunt in Galatia. Mother Cassidy, then 70, on a visit to her childhood home, had just died. By this time, the home life of Mr. Crawford and Miss Cassidy had settled into a unusual but workable pattern. They soon moved across the street from 210 East Walton to 191. There, where they still live today, Claudia became completely absorbed as family breadwinner and queen over the city's cultural life. Crawford, as prince consort, took over the daily tasks which keep a home going.

Their small apartment, except when it's dressed for company, could be mistaken for a warehouse of long playing records. Anywhere they can lean in the large square-U shaped living room, against the couch, the walls, the bookcases, long rows of record albums are stacked across the floor, domino-style. Miss Cassidy gives away great quantities of records, but at the rate they descend upon a man

critic, it's hard even to give them away fast enough. Along one side of the U, a great space of mirrored wall surrounds a fireplace. But it seems to reflect little. The few furnishings are dark. Only the two cabinets of her high fidelity system are light, and one of these, the speaker, stands hidden behind a grand piano near the fireplace. Diagonally opposite the piano, nearly into one of the two small wings of the room which make it a U, waits the large chair, nearly surrounded by bookcases, in which Miss Cassidy comes to curl. She seldom sits anywhere else.

WHEN MISS CASSIDY'S professional day begins, usually about 1 o'clock, Crawford takes to arranging the details of their lives. The Gold Coast market on State street just south of Division, where he shops, is fortunately just a step around the corner from the North Star Inn. At the inn, Crawford is one of the most likeable and lucrative customers, presiding over the bar and presenting deep-voiced reviews of his own, sometimes with gestures.

During her days at the *Tribune*, Miss Cassidy is no harder to reach on the phone than the *Tribune* public information service and she is easily as helpful. To any reader, she will personally furnish the spelling of Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco or Adrian Schaposchnikow, or tell the number of days "New Faces" played here. From hundreds of reference books on her wall, she researches colorful morsels of background to personalize the next morning's review. But sometimes even her library betrays her.

On Monday night, March 3, 1952, when the Virtuosi di Roma played Orchestra hall, Miss Cassidy personalized old Italian masters, dead for 300 years. The soloist, she wrote, "did for a concerto by Autore Ignoto what the strings had done for their patron saint, Antonio Vivaldi, the red-haired Venetian priest, once solo violin at St. Mark's and for Paisiello, who was not only gifted but fortunate, so that he served, at munificent fees, Catherine of Russia, Ferdinand of Naples and Napoleon Bonaparte. That is he made you want to hear more."

Miss Cassidy heard more, all right. Next morning a jeering telegram arrived at her office. It read, "TELL US MORE ABOUT AUTORE IGNOTO." It was signed "Reader Ignoto." Quickly she checked the reviews in competing papers to find that Autore Ignoto, the name on the printed program, was not an old Italian composer. It is old Italian for "author unknown."

More serious errors have been made, and perhaps a music critic should be allowed an imperfection even as a musical artist should be. But some errors can be eye-opening revelations. On Monday, October 9, 1950, the day after Isaac Stern, the young violinist, had come to town, her column began airily: "There is a good deal of guesswork in reviewing. You can so easily . . . find a method in what is no more than a mood. Still if you ignore the signals you miss all the boats." It was the wrong day to get philosophical, since only the night before she had ignored a signal and missed a boat. For when her review turned from philosophy to the program, it said: "Thru all this music, thru Franz Reisenstein's peremptory Prolog and acrid Danse Fantasque . . . there lurked a more than fair chance that Mr. Stern is getting less and less satisfied with showmanship and more and more inquisitive as an artist." But Stern had changed the program and somehow Miss Cassidy had missed the announcement. Instead of the Reisenstein he played the peremptory and acrid "Tzigane" of Ravel. The Ravel work is a standard showpiece for flashy fiddlers, played easily a dozen times during Miss Cassidy's term as a critic, but it managed to go right by her.

That brought stares to serious music students, but before the season was over, they questioned earnestly just what the city's leading critic, who describes music so visually, really hears when she listens. On April 18, 1951, Miss Cassidy heard a singer and flutist in joint recital at Kimball hall, then left early for Fullerton hall to hear the Roosevelt College String Quartet. Of the quartet, she wrote: "The performance was altogether distinguished, prefaced by Haydn I could not hear and a crisp reminder of Prokofieff's First Quartet with its acrid

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Three men who have won unfailing support of Miss Cassidy: left, Artur Rodzinski, fired by the New York Philharmonic for disharmony with its management before he suffered the same fate here; right, the late William Kapell, who evoked inspired phrases of praise in Cassidy columns; above, Dr. Eric Oldberg, current president of the Chicago Symphony, who brought in Fritz Reiner as conductor, and who follows a policy of avoiding clashes with Claudia.

clarity streaked with almost operatic outbursts of lyricism." Whatever was the "crisp reminder," Miss Cassidy later discovered with acrid clarity, the music was not of Prokofieff. For the players had switched the order of the Prokofieff and Haydn quartets. What she "could not hear," because she was at Kimball hall, was the Prokofieff and what she *did* hear was the Haydn. Numerous critics and music lovers saw Miss Cassidy enter the hall after the first selection, so she was there. To ponder this remarkable error of taking the music of the 20th Century "acrid" Russian for that of the 18th Century Austrian only can lead to troublesome conclusions. One distinguished teacher called it "absolutely incredible."

Miss Cassidy seldom talks about music with anybody. When conversation drifts to its technical aspects, she has been known, to the surprise of her companions, abruptly to leave the room. Once on a television panel show, the controversial conductor of the Chicago Symphony, Rafael Kubelik, was to be questioned by the press. On the panel were Dr. Felix Borowski of the *Sun-Times*, Irving Sablosky of the *Daily News* and Charles Buckley of the *Herald-American*. The fourth chair had to be filled by Sydney Harris, drama critic of the *News*, because Miss Cassidy, who detonated the controversy about Kubelik, would not take part.

BUT HER RETICENCE to discuss has never inhibited her readiness to judge. On the very night after she mistook Prokofieff for Haydn, Miss Cassidy went to the Chicago Symphony's final concert of the 1950-51 season, to resume her relentless war against Kubelik. She allowed him one movement of one symphony which she said had "symmetry, suppleness and a reassuring semblance of style." Then she charged forth: "But suddenly, Mr. Kubelik began to press, like an inexperienced horseman flailing a hunter in midflight. He pounded the winds and the brass to a deadened pulp. He became, again, a second-rater."

Miss Cassidy's almost incessant assault on the conduct of the symphony orchestra has so far contributed to driving from their jobs two conductors, two associate conductors and the president, himself, of the orchestral association.

Today, the trustees of the symphony will make no significant move which will bring them into the opposition of Claudia Cassidy. This remarkable condition started when Desire Defauw, a Belgian, took up the orchestra's baton in 1943, after the death of the immensely popular Frederick Stock. Defauw's name, like Stock's when he first assumed command of the orchestra, was on the quick rise. He seemed to have a future. But that rising name was promptly pricked and it fell to the ground, flattened. "Defauw might not have been a Frederick Stock when he came here," one critic allows, "but a conductor never stood on a professional podium who was as bad as Claudia made him out to be." Defauw took an incessant pummeling for nearly every number of every concert of 28 weeks of four years. Finally, even to his own relief, he was fired and he escaped to Gary, Indiana. There he lives today, turning speechless at the mention of Claudia Cassidy ("Please, I only want to speak of art and the beautiful things—we must not talk about such subjects"). He spends much of his life on trains between Bloomington, Illinois and Grand Rapids, Michigan, up to Montreal and back to Gary, pulling together in the best way he can hard-trying orchestras under the handicaps of semi-pro budgets.

During the campaign against Defauw, in one week several hundred letters to the *Tribune* protested its fury, its personal level and its sometimes questionable musical content. Diplomatically, Miss Cassidy offered to resign. That move happily forced the matter into the personal gaze of Colonel McCormick. He was astonished and delighted that a music critic could whip up so much reader interest. He gave his critic a raise and, by implication, a matchless status around the newspaper (described by a few colleagues as "Claudia's clout"). Miss Cassidy's copy—and only hers of all the writers on the *Tribune*—is immune from editing at the copy desk. She even writes her own headlines, an extraordinary practise on a major daily.

INTO THE VACUUM created by Defauw's flight stepped Artur Rodzinski, whose playing Miss Cassidy extolled as undeviatingly as she denounced Defauw's. All the critics liked him. But the joy was not unmitigated in the offices of the symphony. Committed to the admirable aim of giving Chicago one of the world's great orchestras, Rodzinski blinded himself to practical problems. The European plan of week-long festivals of music —opera and symphony under one roof and one baton—was his design. He envisioned the old Auditorium theater, refurbished for $1,000,000, as the place. The trustees of the symphony were astonished to learn one day that their conducter, somewhat in the manner of selling the Brooklyn Bridge, had sent a real estate broker off to dispose of Orchestra hall.

The trustees discreetly kept these squabbles inside the family. Perhaps Miss Cassidy was ignorant of them; they were not reported in the *Tribune*. Instead, when the conductor's demands built to an administrative impasse and Rodzinski was dismissed, Miss Cassidy called for the jobs of Edward L. Ryerson, president of the orchestra, and George Kuyper, its manager.

In 1950, the symphony engaged Rafael Kubelik to replace Rodzinski. Miss Cassidy put a leash on her columns for his first two weeks, then turned loose an onslaught which drew on fresh reserves every time Kubelik stepped to the podium. Three years later Kubelik, too, was fired but in his flight he didn't stop at Gary. He kept going all the way to Holland to be installed as co-conductor of the great Amsterdam Concertgebouw orchestra. In the doing, Miss Cassidy's free-swinging verbal ax split the board of trustees itself. Ryerson's faction held that while "that woman" does her job her way, the board must do its job its way. Meanwhile, a battle-fatigued group clustered around Dr. Eric Oldberg demanded action to turn the heat off, held that the orchestra's prestige was being crushed and, not incidentally, the personal prestige of the men who run it. At a tense board meeting on June 17, 1952, Ryerson, the steel magnate who had held the post since 1938, resigned. Dr. Oldberg was elected to replace him and Ryerson was thoughtfully "promoted" to honorary president. Soon after, it was quietly ascertained by the new officers that the distinguished Fritz Reiner would be acceptable to the critic of the *Tribune* and he was named the new permanent conductor.

Having won the main battle, Miss Cassidy proceeded to the mopping up. She took after George Schick, associate conductor with a series of lacerating attacks. She demanded he be banished to the same oblivion which had already enveloped his predecessor, Tauno Hannikainen, pursuant to her earlier demands. Dr. Oldberg quietly let Schick resign. Almost immediately, NBC hired him for its big opera series on television.

The tense peace which now exists between north and south on Michigan avenue may soon blow up. Reiner, untainted and perfect in the esteem of Miss Cassidy, has not been so regarded by his players. The grumblings were ominous all year but, at rehearsals for the final concert, threats to quit broke into the open. These

forebodings were noted in the other papers, but not in the *Tribune*.

If Miss Cassidy was distracted from Reiner's difficulties, it is explainable by her extraordinary involvement in the internal affairs of the Lyric Theater, whose managers were engaged in tearing their opera company in two with their own hands.

On February 12, the directors of the Lyric agreed upon the terms of a contract for Nicola Rescigno, their artistic director. It permitted Rescigno the right to approval or disapproval on artistic matters. Next day Lyric President Carol Fox, who has been uncommonly disposed to searching out Miss Cassidy's views before she makes a move, informed Rescigno she had changed her mind about the "approval or disapproval" clause. She wanted the authority herself. When Lawrence V. Kelly, the managing director, and Rescigno asked Miss Fox to explain her disconcerting change, Miss Fox suggested the maestro "go talk to Claudia about it." Puzzled but amenable, Rescigno took his three-year contract to Miss Cassidy who read the clause and declared, "Oh, I wouldn't sign that for five minutes." Rescigno replied that she was not being asked to sign it. A few days later, Miss Cassidy attacked Rescigno in her column, proudly setting forth the details of how Rescigno came to ask her what to do.

On February 22, the board held a crisis meeting. Rescigno and Kelly were astounded when Miss Cassidy walked in and proceeded to conduct the discussion. Miss Cassidy was equally astounded later. First, she flatly told Rescigno that if he insisted on opposing "Carol's position" the *Tribune* would "run you out of town." Then she discovered that an accredited court reporter taking all this down was not in the employ of Miss Fox, but of Kelly. She demanded that the notes be torn up. They were. On February 25, March 3, 8 and 9, Miss Cassidy blasted Rescigno in the *Tribune*. Meanwhile, the notes, left carelessly in a trash basket, were reassembled. Kelly said they would be introduced as evidence in a complex of suits and counter-suits between factions of the board. Miss Cassidy, upon learning that the notes existed, immediately stopped writing about the Lyric controversy. Soon after the court cases broke out, Miss Cassidy, worried and a bit too involved for the comfort of a supposedly detached music critic, left for her European tour.

OVER THE YEARS, Miss Cassidy has developed a rationale for her onslaughts. She has fought to defend the arts from the box office-corrupted impresarios and producers, mainly in New York. In this honorable battle, she asserts that the critic must be the guardian over the standards of the arts.

Today, strangely, this powerful critic battles to entrust an artistic veto, not to an opera company's artistic director, but to its impresario. But one distinguishing mark of this impresario has been her wisdom in constantly soliciting Miss Cassidy's advice. Thus, the Lyric veto might become neither Maestro Rescigno's nor Carol Fox's, but Miss Cassidy's. It is the contention of Miss Cassidy's critics that this is her intent, that she has come to equate perfection in the arts with her own views as queen over the arts.

This opens a new question: If the critic is to be the guardian over the standards of the arts, who is to be the guardian over the standards of the critic?

Miss Cassidy places herself above questions about critical standards. "I don't really know," she said recently, "what my idea of criticism is. I don't believe I have ever really thought about it."

Others have. In Europe, where the traditions of modern criticism developed, critics are more carefully selected, more learned and less powerful. Among Europe's music critics have been Claude Debussy, Hector Berlioz, Robert Schumann, Richard Wagner and, yes, George Bernard Shaw, whose literary outpouring ran so deep that many are unaware he was an accomplished music student. The creators, in the main, have been the guardians.

Critics there enjoy the advantage of scorning deadlines. After the concert, the music critic goes to the coffee house and, with his honored fellow musicians, he sits all night and discusses. Then he sleeps and he spends the next evening in lovely, leisurely contemplation. Three or four days later, his review appears. It is an essay designed to teach, to examine the work of an advanced artist and to explain it to the less trained but receptive audience.

The American tradition has been different. Our journalistic pace has glorified the deadline and reduced the critic to a reviewer. He reports on concerts and plays somewhat as a sportswriter reports a ball game. He tells what happened; mainly, who won between the composer and the performer. But even accepting this reduced role of the critic, our standards have been hazy. Managing editors have always assumed that the public cannot digest technical knowledge in the arts, even though it can in sports. No editor would consider sending a writer to cover a ball game who could not explain the infield fly rule or when an umpire should invoke it. He would expect the writer to educate his readers to such rules, or even to assume their knowledge of them.

The cynic often contends that if a critic has a cold potato for dinner, the artist gets a bad review. But the trained critic can answer that he has an objective measuring gauge. He has a systematized knowledge of what he heard.

In Chicago, three of the four music critics are trained and accomplished musicians. The fourth is by far the most powerful and is most disposed to use that power to break the professional lives of serious artists. Yet her power derives not from systematized training but from (1) the irrelevant talent for writing striking prose, and (2) the circulation of the largest newspaper of the city and the largest nontabloid newspaper in America.

As a practical matter, the problem cannot be thrown into the lap of the *Tribune*. The *Tribune's* purpose is to sell papers. Within bounds, right or wrong is measured by that gauge. Miss Cassidy, like the "Little Fooler," sells papers. Therefore, she is right. If she can arouse public interest by a sustained campaign of vilification against a conductor, by near-savagery against artists whom she judges to be less than perfect, the public interest is evidence enough to her employers that she is right.

It is a problem, ultimately, for the audience. They must judge the critic's qualifications, assay her power, and determine the relationship, if there is one, between a harsh personal life and her inordinate tendency to denounce harshly any artistic effort which doesn't please her.

Helpful, too, would be consideration of these thoughtful words of advice to young people on how to be a critic:

"Get the broadest possible education from a classical basis. Learn about craftsmanship, other people's . . . Grant each man the privilege of working in his own way with words or music or with any other color, form and texture of mind and material, whether he chooses to carve in crystal, shape jeweled mosaic or chisel in stone . . . And if you hear Maxwell Anderson saying that the critic is judge, jury and firing squad without a court of appeals, remember that good critics are the world's best audience, with the privilege of communicating what they discover."

Those words were written in the Chicago *Tribune* in 1947 by Claudia Cassidy. ■

The Swede Was a Hard Guy

Artistically, the White Sox of 1919 were one of the best of all baseball teams, but ethically they fell short. Most of the stars were involved in throwing the World Series to the Cincinnati Reds for gamblers' money. Nelson Algren, then in the initial stages of enduring devotion to the team, saw the "Black Sox" play in the summer of 1920, a couple of months before their sellout of the previous fall was exposed. It didn't impress him as a tragedy then; he didn't understand just what had happened, but was pleased that his favorite player, Ray Schalk, came out of it clean. Most of the other kids in his neighborhood weren't that fortunate.

Algren has missed few opening days at Comiskey park since 1920, and after he had become an adult fan, he decided to find out more about the Black Sox scandal. He read the contemporary newspaper accounts at the library and did some other research. He formed the opinion that the dividing line between the seven players who were expelled from baseball and some of their teammates was thin, and that the biggest villain was Charles Comiskey, their frugal owner. In 1941 he wrote this poem, which was published the following year in the *Southern Review*.

Risberg

All photos courtesy of Chicago Historical society except Buck Weaver, International News Photos.

by Nelson Algren

I was there. I saw them. In my game Jackson threw one man out at the plate and another at second. Weaver made two hits and two great stops at third. They just couldn't be playing that way and not playing . . . Jackson, Weaver, Gandil, Risberg, Felsch, Cicotte . . . If Jackson were hitting today he'd average .600 every year. They'd never get him out.

—Adolfo Luque

Felsch

There's a lefthander's wind coming down Thirty-Fifth
Rolling the summer's last straw Kelly across second into center
To where the last Texas-Leaguer fell.
Urging paper cups and programs always away from home.
Pushing the last sunburned boo-boo bird through the last open gate

Thirty-two goldbraid ushers bearing 'C's across their breasts
Phalanx the abandoned base-path where the tying run was taken off third
For the final out of the final inning
Of the final game
Of a second-division season.

Here, on another fall afternoon,
A Georgia millhand the kids called Shoeless Joe
Pegged a runner out at the plate on his knees
From against the far left-field stands.
And never played again.
Nor pegged another.

There was Gandil, with a blackleg gambler's fingers,
The best first-baseman's hands in the business,
And the nerve of a government mule.
Saying:
"I give a damn. I got mine."

Felsch, a sober Bavarian bartender
Who came to the outfield from Milwaukee and many friends.
And later returned
To the wrong side of the same Milwaukee bar
To drink bitter beer alone.

The spiked sand at third belonged to an army haircut
And a bulldog trick of wearing a pitcher down
Called Buck Weaver—
A back-of-the-yards plug-ugly spitting blue-seal scrap
Halfway to the pitcher's box after every foul.
And finally, likely as not, shoving a weary floater onto Shields Avenue.
A sandlot animal, all heart and hard living,
Who wound up coaching a girls' softball team
And no heart left in him at all.

A tightlipped Texan named Williams
Threw his left arm out for Comiskey that Spring.
And so sat, in the shadowed dugout, in the windy fall of the year,
At half-salary
Alternately, between the bat-boy and the water-cooler,
Shading his eyes with his hand and stroking the stripped muscle.

Williams

Seeing the stripe-shirted infield against the stippled sun of the stands
The murmuring eastern crowds
And the sunlight on them.
Shading his own grievance.
Watching his own chances.
Between the bat-boy and the water-cooler.

The day the Indians came to town in first place
Comiskey named John Collins day.
The Rothstein money was riding Cleveland:
Cicotte was wild two innings, then began splitting the plate.
When he went to the showers the game was well-lost
And a single typewriter started clacking
In the press-box over the stands.

The lefthander and the righthander met
Between the bat-boy and water-cooler.
He handed Cicotte a dirty envelope
With no one but Ray Schalk watching.

Schalk got the lefthander into a pier-brawl under the stands:
Went up to the showers with his knuckles already skinned
And beat Cicotte in front of them all.
The men in the press-box never knew.
Schalk got onto the stand after Jimmy Ring had talked
But didn't mention a pier-brawl.
It no longer mattered by then.

Cicotte

Cicotte, the poor boy doing the best he could,
On a pair of knees so knocked they couldn't betray a pitch.
The French-Canadian family man who couldn't say Yes and couldn't say No.
And so woke, the morning after,
In someone else's room at the Warner Hotel
With ten Rothstein Gs. under his pillow
And a new saying for Americans on his lips:
"I did it for the wife and kids."

Which was true. But tough on the wife and kids.
He cried on the stand and couldn't say whether Gandil or Attel
Had gotten the remaining seventy-five Gs.
"I've lived a thousand years in the last twelve months,"
Was all he said when asked who he thought had put the money there.
Then climbed off the stand and the wife and kids didn't see him for six weeks.
That was Eddie Cicotte's World's Series.
He went to work for Ford's Bennett and never talked baseball again.

It was all one to the gambling men: they sat in the press-box all through the fall.
It was all one to the press.
Attel, the professional fixer
Maharg, who drank with McMullen,
King Tennes from the Greencastle syndicate
In from Saratoga to get in on the ground floor
And Burns—Philadelphia Billy—
Who brought the lambs to the shearing.

Rothstein himself didn't show:
He lost more than he'd won on the first two games
When Kerr beat Jimmy Ring off by himself in the third
And whether it had been Herzog or Hal Chase who'd offered Benton
800 soldiers to throw one
No longer mattered much by then.

An assistant bailiff lost a twenty-seven-year-old mustache on the series
And so called out to Cicotte,
When they were smuggling the pitcher from the Grand Jury Room on the sixth floor
To an office on the fourth:
"Did you get a bath, Eddie?"
Meaning an immunity bath.
Not knowing, being only a bailiff's assistant,
That only one man was being bathed.

Gandil

Comiskey, Old Comiskey
Who knew every sleeper in every contract
And spent ten Gs. on Pinkertons
But didn't like paying any player over five.
Who offered an extra ten for evidence that any man of his had thrown a ball game.
And never paid off when it was given at last.
Who played the hero for the newspapermen and Maclay Hoyne.
And saved his purse
And had his heart broken all the same:
"If any of my players are not honest I'll close the gates of the park
"I've spent a lifetime to build," he threatened.
"It looks as though football is the only clean game we have left,"
Pegler commented holding his hands clasped behind his back.

Till the press-box overhead chimed in:
"Write to Commy. Write to Commy. Tell him you know he's okey.
"Write to Commy."

So nobody ever asked the old man why all the bonuses but Shoeless Joe's
Were held up that fall and winter and spring.

Gandil finally phoned a judge:
"I'm an honest man."
"I know you are not." The judge hung up.
"I'll be right over," Gandil phoned back,
And explained in the judge's chambers:
"I got to get in on the ground floor
"But I got to be awful careful, too.
"Faber and Collins and Schalk weren't in. Jackson just ain't caught on.
"I got to be careful now."
"You've been fairly careless to date," suggested the judge—
"Why the sudden caution?"
It took a moment to answer that.
Then:
"The Swede is a hard guy."

So he had said it at last, like he already wished that he hadn't,
And kept on saying it to keep from hearing it clear:
"A *hard* guy. You don't know."

Jackson

And the charge was conspiracy.

"I'll never bet on another ball game in my life," somebody said,
And for some reason that caught on for a while.
And the kid in knee pants caught on when he ran after Jackson
Across the cropped grass:
"Say it isn't so, Joe."

And Shoeless, his glove on his hip,
His face as brown and creased and passive-appearing as that glove,
Getting bewildered a little:
"I wish to God it warn't."
It wasn't too hard to bewilder Shoeless Joe.

"I been at half-salary," Williams said,
And got off the stand and let it go at that.

"I been jobbed," Happy Felsch said unhappily
Of the double double-cross of Gandil and Attel.
And got down off the stand.
Risberg alone had nothing to say.
He had knocked down a perfect peg from Jackson to the plate
Because Shoeless couldn't peg a bad one even when he tried.
One by one the others spoke for him:
"The Swede is a hard guy."
"I had to be awful careful."
"The Swede is a hard guy."

Say he was a hard guy once and let it go at that.
Say they made a great ball club and let it go at that.
Say he was the hardest, say it was the greatest,
Say it all once a score of long years after.

Then let it go at that.

Weaver

Don't bring up Swede Risberg or Cicotte or Buck Weaver
Or how Buck Weaver looked that last time that you saw him
Begging a reporter six months out of high-school
To clear his name so he could play again.
"I'll play for *nothin'* tell 'em. Just one season tell 'em.
"I won't do that no more, fouling 'em off like I used.
"I'll swing at the first one if they want.
"I'll do it just to play."

And the week-old alky on him. The socks ripped out at the heels.
The oversize army coat with all but one button gone.

Forget Chase and Lefty Williams and little Nemo Liebold
And do not be remembering the most natural man ever to wear spiked shoes.
The canniest fielder and the longest hitter,
The good, easy nature who could run with Carey or field with Harry Hooper.
Who squatted on his heels,
In a uniform muddied at both knees,
Till the bleacher shadows grew long behind him.

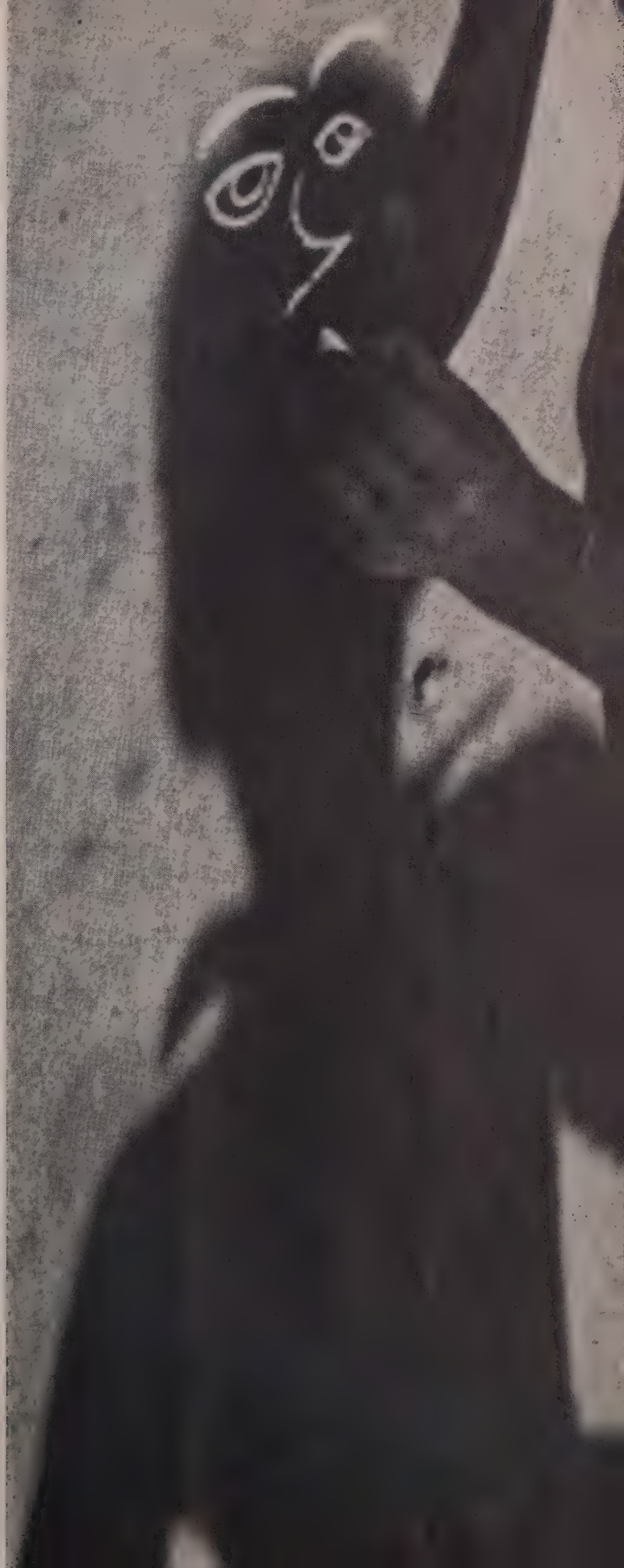
Who went along with Chick and Buck and Happy
Because they always treated him so friendly-like,
Hardly like Yankees at all.
With Williams because Lefty was from the South too.
And with Risberg because the Swede was such a hard guy.
Who made an X for his name and couldn't argue with Comiskey's sleepers.
But who could pick a line drive out of the air ten feet outside the foul line
And rifle anything home from anywhere in the park.
Let thirty-two ushers defend this dust
Till the last of the iron-throated boys gets through the last far gate.
Let a single typewriter be clacking derisively.
Let a lefthander's wind be blowing away from home.

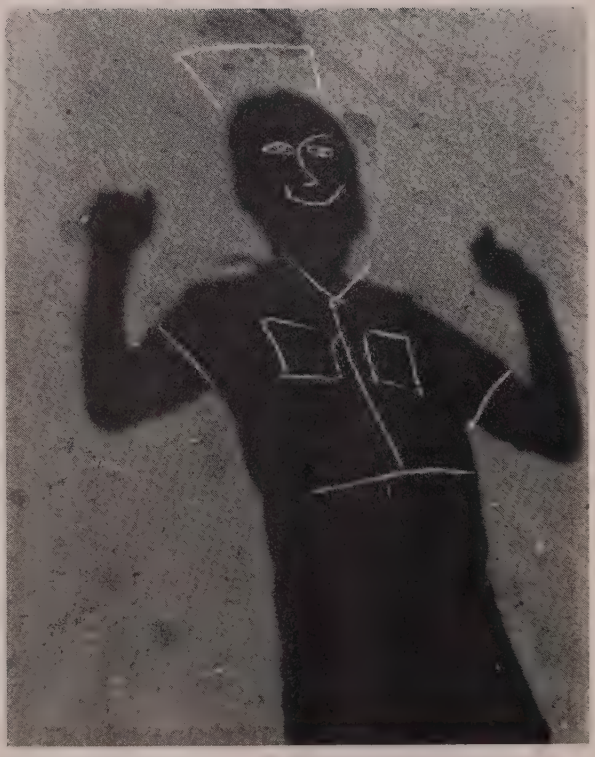
For Shoeless Joe is gone, long gone,
A long yellow grass-blade between his teeth
And the bleacher-shadows behind him.

And a lefthander's wind blows by, blows by,
Like a wind blowing always away from home ■

living shadows

A couple of years ago Edward Wallowitch, a photographer studying at the Institute of Design, became fascinated with shadows. "When I saw people's shadows on the sidewalk," he says, "I wanted to run up and draw their faces in." Wallowitch was able to curb that impulse, but later he taught the new art form to some children, with the results shown on these pages.





Caricature of a Good Humor man.

Self-portrait, with a medal for artistic achiev

girl friends.

His masterpiece: the hula dancer.

design by John

Several can play at this game.

A golden wedding anniversary is a dream for young people; at 69 it is very much like money spent or a spoiled secret.

The Guest of Honor

a story by Judith Groch

drawings by Gertrude Abercrombie

Scratched and worn smooth on the inside where it touched her gnarled finger, the ring of gold caught the light and gleamed like honey. Her thin, knotted hand lay on the white table cloth next to her plate and she strained her eyes to see it, because they had not let her wear her glasses, saying she would look better for the pictures without them. It's gotten very old, she thought as she peered down at the hand, and still keeping her eyes on the ring and the withered hand, she tried to follow the speeches.

The music had stopped and Joey, her oldest boy, was standing up to say something. She couldn't hear the words clearly, probably depending on lip reading more than anyone suspected, and without her glasses everything at the party came to Mother Gray through a blurred haze. Joey was a good boy, and she knew he looked very important in his new blue suit because she had run her hands over its fine fabric earlier when he had called for her at home. Joey had always made fun of funeral suits, as he called them, but this was different; this was a real occasion, and he was a grown man now, proposing the toast at his parents' 50th wedding anniversary.

"We have come together today . . ." Such a fuss about nothing! The children had even hired the Center for the celebration, although she had pleaded with them to have it at home if it had to be at all, where at least she could be with her own furniture and rugs, which in the strain of so big a party would give her a feeling of being among friends. Her mind wandered fondly to the sagging davenport in the living room which the children hated because they considered it an abomination and a disgrace that Mother Gray should keep such a monstrosity.

When Joey had started them off on plans for the golden wedding anniversary, Gladys, Joey's wife, and Kathy Ann, the other daughter-in-law, said it would never do to have it at home because there wasn't enough room to fit everybody and it would be too much work for Mother Gray, which meant too much work for them. Joey and Vern said the girls were right. Then Mrs. Patterson, Mother Gray's married daughter, telephoned from up north in Minneapolis and said Mother should not make trouble and should listen to her children, and it wasn't every day you could celebrate your folks' 50th wedding anniversary. And that settled the matter. They took the Center and invited the whole family and all their friends and neighbors.

Everybody came, too, even old Aunt Florey (who had broken with the family in a squabble about something which nobody could remember any more, but which was nursed in her shriveled breast like a monument), declaring in her rasping voice that this wouldn't change the way things were one single bit; it was just for Mother Gray she'd come — Mother Gray being on her side of the family. Then there were all the cousins and nieces and nephews on both sides. So many, many people! She thought about the money it was costing and pursed her lips at the bubbling champagne in her glass.

Joey and Vern were seated to her left with their wives, and Gregg, who was lost in the war but stayed in her mind as much as the others, was there in a way, too. Anna Patterson had made the trip down from Minneapolis with her four children and her mustached husband whom Mother Gray

had never liked. And then there were the grandchildren, like a flock of unruly sheep, going from Chucky, the baby in Anna's lap, to Nancy, who was ripe to make Mother Gray a great-grandmother. The family had gotten too big for Mother Gray and the high-pitched, squealing laughter of the grandchildren was irritating to her and meaningless. Ahh . . . she was glad it was over for her. From one lovely child, Joey, her firstborn whom she had cradled in her lap as a proud young girl, the thing had gone out to generations and had be-

come multiple and impersonal. Mother Gray looked straight ahead, and was glad to let the tribe around her remain blurred.

Joey was holding the champagne glass in his hand. "And God has willed that we be together today for this celebration . . ."

Mother Gray (Lily was her name, but the daughters-in-law had taken it from her right in the beginning) sat up very straight and proud and tried to hide her feelings, which were really quite bent and complicated, and not at all proud. They were making a celebration around her and Ben, but she knew the celebration was really for themselves. A golden wedding anniversary is a dream for young people; at 69 it is very much like money spent, or a spoiled secret. The children wanted a celebration, had looked forward to the day, had counted the years and crossed their fingers as the time got close, for they saw triumph in the accomplishment. Mother Gray knew how little the triumph was, and now looking straight ahead into the blurr of people she had a feeling of what it really meant.

It's funny how you go along in life, she thought, and people are always yelling and shouting and trampling all over you, like pushing ahead in the grocery line, but still you're there all the time. Then suddenly, it's a lot of time, oh a great deal of time, and they sit up and take notice and say—this is different now, it's special, kind of holy, almost—and all the while it's been no different and it's only time which has gone by, and for that God gave His permission. Mother Gray shook her head. Something was wrong about it. The truth was getting lost now, and they were trying to bury it today. But she wouldn't forget.

Her arm brushed against something soft. It was Ben! Her partner in accomplishment, a small, wizened man, corrugated like paper, with dry bags of skin hanging on his cadaverous face. Nothing to show for his life but the tremor in his hand, and this now, decay. His eyes glowed for the first time in his life, but Mother Gray could see that it was because the skin had retreated and they were left alone and naked. Actually, time had been kinder to her, wrinkling her, but leaving more of the frame. She had piled her faded hair neatly on the top of her head, pulling it here and there to hide the thin, bald spots, and it, more than anything else, remained to give her stature.

Ben leaned over and whispered hoarsely in her ear, "Well, Mother, looks like we've made it. Fifty years of wedded bliss." he chuckled. When she did not answer he added, "Quite a shindig Joey got up for us. I bet this cost a peck of money," and he surveyed the room proudly.

Already Ben had begun to believe the myth about them, and Mother Gray pitied him for lying to himself. But it was easy for Ben. He was like that. Take the first path and make do. That was his way. She moved in her seat so that she would not be touching him.

They were sitting at the center of a long, festive table, the one Williams & Williams used for bridal parties, and she noticed how they had decorated everything with flowers and gold paper, and had even made little gold place cards with people's names on them, but the dishes on the table

were sturdy, practical caterer's dishes which served all celebrations with equal indifference. It was a shame; she had such pretty china at home!

Well, let them make their fuss now! There was only one celebration she had ever really wanted: her first wedding anniversary, but she never got that. They were living on the farm then and she had asked Ben if she couldn't have some folks in for the evening and have a little party. Ben had sat with his feet up on the kitchen table, picking his nose, and said, "What for?" How could she answer a question like that if the man didn't know. And then she knew how it was going to be, and she never asked again, and she never hoped either.

Ebbing Center was a small town in those days and the folks who lived there and worked the farms which spread out from the town like great, lapping blankets knew each other well and kept a careful, although not always brotherly, eye on each other's doings. When Lily Daweson, Doc Daweson's younger daughter, married that lazy, good-for-nothing Ben Gray, nobody could understand why, and a bad end to the match was predicted. One thing was certain, they all chuckled, she hadn't married him for money, because Ben Gray didn't have a red cent when he took Lily.

With his wife's money he bought a small farm and pretended to work it. The land was good and the crops willing, but Ben was too lazy to do a man's work and the farm slipped from him and defeated him in the end. He talked a good line when he went up to town, but people knew him for the ne'er-do-well he was; they knew the stunted, bug-infested corn he grew, and they knew it was his wife who supported the growing family with the money she earned by selling fruit preserves. "Mother Gray's Farm Preserves" became famous in their parts, and while Ben soured with impotence, Mother Gray saved the family with her sweet spreads.

She looked at Ben sitting next to her and wondered what he was thinking. He seemed to be enjoying the speeches and sat slightly forward to catch each word. Why had she married him, anyway? It was all far and gone in her mind and for a moment she held her breath and sat very still trying to let the feelings come back into her which she had known then. But they didn't come, and she was suddenly puzzled by something she had never had time to think of before. In the beginning, the neighbors had all kinds of explanations. Some said it was because no one would have had her, her being kind of homely and all. But this wasn't true, because

there were many young fellows who would have taken Mother Gray (Lily Dawson then) for her goodness alone. And some said it was because she "had to" and some, because she was foolish and didn't know her own mind. It was hard for her to understand it

now. Mother Gray knew there must have been some kind of a reason, maybe many reasons all run together to produce a promise of something, or an illusion in her own head. She shrugged her shoulders and decided it didn't make any difference now, and it was a hurtful thing to think about anyway.

There was a sharp burst of applause and Ben leaned on her shoulder as he rose to acknowledge the tribute for both of them. That's one thing Ben could always do—talk, Mother Gray thought to herself.

"Folks," he began, "it's been a great honor to . . . " and the words were hoarse and vibrating because of his old man's vocal cords, and because he was unexpectedly choked up. Thud! He sat down in the middle of it, his legs crumpled beneath him. Mother Gray looked at him queerly.

"Well, Ben, cat got your tongue?" she started to say, but she kept it to herself.

Carl Bjorklund, across the room at one of the round tables for people who weren't members of the family, was standing up and telling how the old folks should be an example, and about how they had helped to make this country what it was. This was another one of those things which had gotten vague, and Mother Gray began to feel embarrassed and wished they'd get to the dancing so the young people could enjoy themselves a bit. The room had become warm and she was uncomfortable in her new corset. It caught under her ribs, but the daughters-in-law had told her she must wear it with the new purple dress they had gotten her, or what would people think!

So many people from Ebbing Center were there, but she did not have to look down the long table at the fuzzy outlines; she knew who they were and she could count the faces in her mind, along with the ones which were missing. John Snyder, gone now five years, and her best friend Abbie Grunther and . . . She could go on, so many were gone, and Mother Gray shivered as sad and painful feelings at last caught up with her. Sitting there, small and frail, among so many sturdy people, she felt a great drowning separateness come over her. Not like the natural separateness before she had been married, and not like the loneness she had known during the 50 years with her man, for there had been little time to trouble her head with that until they had reminded her about it today. But now she was separate because something was lost, and that was a crueler thing to bear. Children had been made, and reared, and lost. They were still present, but in their hearts they were gone. They were little pools of swirling water which had spread too far from the mother pool. Grown and beyond need of her, they went their own way making new pools, and now she was alone and sinking. They were crowning a marriage today for what it had never been, but sitting there thinking about the terrible mistake everybody was making, for the first time Mother Gray was struck by the very bulk of her life, and this left only one thing for her to think now. She had the ghostly feeling down the thin white hairs of her neck that there was another guest who stood patiently watching.

Now the music was playing. The *Anniversary Waltz.*

"Come, Mother, they're waiting for us," said Ben gently, and he led her out on the floor where the band played carefully and deliberately, keeping time with the old couple.

Looking up into his eyes Mother Gray saw that for all, Ben had seen the same thing. While the guests applauded, they danced around and around on the empty floor, clinging for protection. ■

The Second Try

Goethe: "The eternal-feminine draws us heavenward."

Make me a world, girl; make as terra made;
Be she, be starting over what went stale.
A spell. A minute's goddess. Here and there
One fingertip of femininity—
To pat what musses and to flounce what twirls,
Just right, just so — is what smooths planets out.
You have a minute's grace to wish a globe
Any old kind of way. Start fussing, wish.
Your slightest fidget reigns; I don't know why
Except that life's been loaned a second try.

A coaxing of cupped palms — just so — from clay,
Dark sting of cheeks, strict wildness of the voice,
And now all's underway. Already swamp
Twists free — all palm and saurian — out of sea;
Your reeking, waddling firstlings play. Enough!
Now sponge the slate, make room for — use your fancy
What to make room for. Monsters cleared away,
Build phoenix, pegasus, and unicorn;
Hurry, don't waste brief goodhood; build them, plan
Such symbols of your role as muse of man.

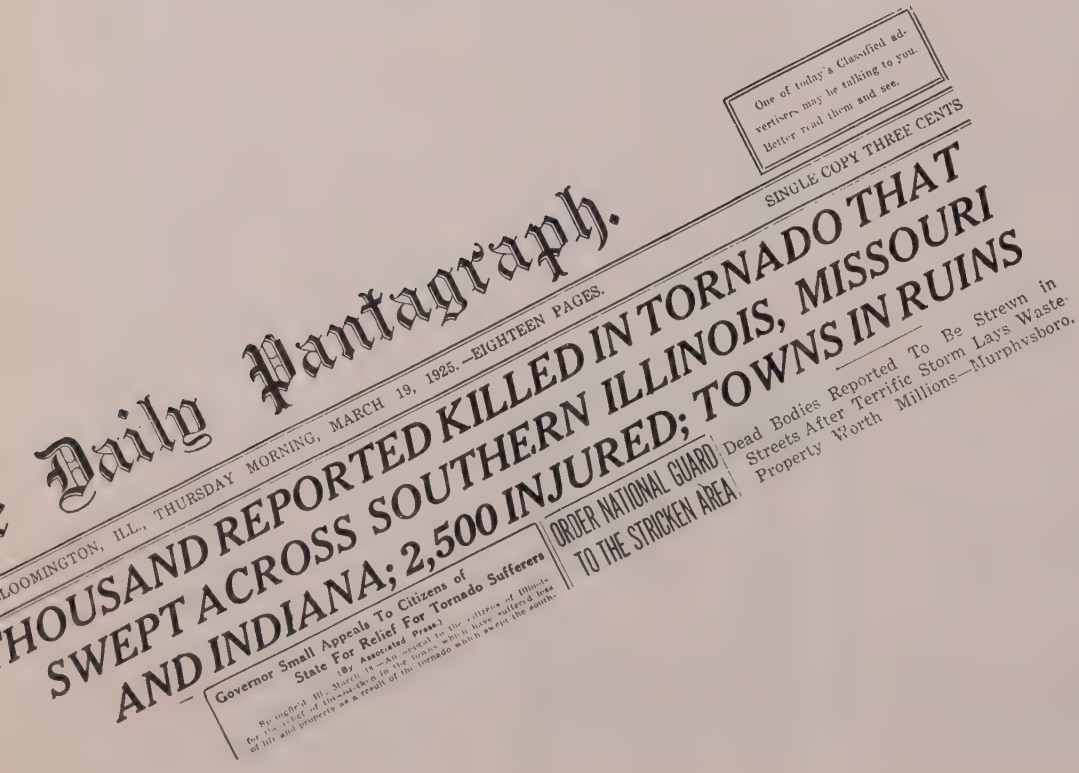
At once kaleidoscopes of matter rattle
A second chance the second time around.
Swamps groan, hills labor, new life come to life
Beyond old dowdy domesticities.
But what familiar sound is this (cluckcluck)?
Incredible priestess, stop! — what have you loosed?
With housewife-fingers, buxom terra tidies
A landscape for gallina of the roost.

—Peter Viereck

ITALIAN OBSERVATIONS
BY ADLAI E. STEVENSON

Young Bloomingtonian Writes of Affairs in the Newest of European Nations, Sketching the Rise of Fascism Growing Out of the Events of the World War—How the Ruling Faction Attained Its Power, and How This Power Has Been Used Under the Dictatorship of Mussolini.

Adlai Stevenson



The Daily Pantagraph.

BLOOMINGTON, ILL., THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 19, 1925.—EIGHTEEN PAGES.

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ORDER NATIONAL GUARD TO THE STRICKEN AREA

Dead Bodies Reported To Be Strewn in Streets After Terrific Storm Lays Waste Property Worth Millions—Murphysboro,

Stevenson during a camping trip at Quetico National park in Ontario during the summer of 1925, his last year on the *Pantagraph* staff. The picture belongs to Joseph Bohrer, a Bloomington friend of Adlai's who accompanied him to the tornado scene in Southern Illinois that year, masquerading as another reporter.

oung Journalist

He wrote about the Scopes trial, Mussolini and a big tornado for the Bloomington *Pantagraph* about 30 years ago.

It seems that few of our leading political figures have reached national fame before furnishing their closets with a skeleton or two.

Washington committed an act of juvenile vandalism in an orchard, and later threw his money around, including across rivers. Lincoln corrupted the New Salem post office. Cleveland fathered an illegitimate child. Adlai Stevenson worked for a newspaper.

Stevenson's mother's family was interested in the Bloomington Pantagraph, *in which he still holds some stock. Young Adlai began doing a variety of summer work for the paper at an early age. One of his first memories of his journalistic career concerns assisting the reporter who toured the Central Illinois county fair circuit. Stevenson performed such responsible duties as scrounging prize lists and measuring the girth of pumpkins. Once he got into a watermelon eating contest and was a definite contender until the reporter hauled him away.*

After taking a bachelor's degree in 1922 at Princeton, where he was managing editor of the campus paper, Stevenson became quite serious about journalism, and he worked full time in various departments of the Pantagraph *in 1924 and 1925. He later designated the accounting department as the one he liked least, and the composing room as his favorite station, although he confessed that he never learned how a linotype machine works.*

The zenith of young Stevenson's newspaper career was reached in 1925, when he attained the rank of assistant managing editor and compiled the first complete style guide the Pantagraph *ever had. But the year after that, following his father's wishes, he took a law degree at Northwestern. By 1927 he was a La Salle street attorney.*

The following excerpts from Stevenson's newspaper writing show him as editorial writer, foreign correspondent and spot news reporter. They were gathered by Ethel Sinclair, librarian of the Pantagraph.

IN JULY, *1925, Stevenson wrote five editorials on the Scopes "monkey" trial, which had made Dayton, Tennessee, the temporary capital of American journalism. He didn't cover the proceedings, but based his comments on dispatches reaching him in Bloomington. He alternated satirical jibes at the fundamentalists with serious pleas*

for harmony, rather than conflict, between religion and modern science:

The trial is going far afield, from present indications. Aside from the constitutional questions involved in the right of a teacher to instruct in whatever theories of science he believes to be true, the scope of the testimony is to bring in a wide range of "expert" evidence as to the truth or falsity of the theory of evolution and the truth or otherwise of the literal language of the Biblical story of creation. Undoubtedly the vast mass of the people will receive instruction along these lines, if they read the evidence carefully, in a manner that they have never before enjoyed. . .

If Tennessee's law is sustained, other states may take the cue and pass similar ones. An epidemic of such laws would prove a detriment to both the educational system and public morals.

As far as Dayton's refreshment stands and hot-dog booths are concerned, we predict that they will do a thriving business for a few days. But let the trial drag along into the second or third week, and we believe the crowd of courthouse fans will dwindle to a point that concessionaires will be ready to pull up stakes and start on the old county fair route. . .

The good people of Tennessee feel that the tenets of science are iniquitous and apt to vitiate the minds and morals of their vigorous, intelligent young men and women. The conclusion is then that the solons of Tennessee feel that anything but the literal acceptance of the Bible and the traditional tenets of faith is subversive of the moral and spiritual public welfare.

This was exactly the state of mind that gave an impulse to the inquisition in Europe, particularly in Spain. But that was 500 years ago. . .

If the children of Tennessee find the Bible any less puissant as a guide to a better and more fulsome life because they have evolved from the amoeba rather than from ready made man created by God it is sad commentary on our spiritual and intellectual independence. . .

This whole commotion is simply another indication of the tenacity of the human mind in clinging to inherited ideas, in holding on to convictions acquired by association. It was this same attitude of mind that resisted the Copernican theory, which threw Galileo into prison, which has treated the greatest philosophers with contempt and sent renowned inventors to their graves in penury. . .

One can't help but speculate as to what the position of Mr. Bryan would be if at some future time scientists should prove the accuracy of the evolutionary hypothesis, just as they have proved that the earth is round and revolves about the sun. According to Mr. Bryan, the issue is clear; the Christian religion cannot survive if the theory of evolution is true. What if the scientists are right, what if the anthropologists know more about the history of man than the theologians? If evolution is right, must Christianity go into the discard? To pit the faith of millions against the universal opinion of scientific men exposes the millions to the conclusion that if science is right then their whole religion is wrong. So Mr. Bryan has quite unconsciously balanced the whole of Christianity against a scientific theory.

But this unconscious refinement of the foundation of Christianity is not to be viewed with apprehension, for throughout the ages Christianity has been a living, progressive revelation of faith built on much firmer foundations than even the fundamentalists believe. Its enduring usefulness and inspiration did not depend on whether the earth was round and does not now depend on whether man evolved or was created. . .

Twelve reasonable men have found John Thomas Scopes guilty of violation of the intellectual obscurity law down in Tennessee and he has accordingly been fined $100. Thus endeth the first chapter in a comedy both amusing and humiliating.

And now that Mr. Bryan, than whom there is no more conscientious and sincere man alive, has won the smashing victory for the "old time religion" and Tennessee is purged of malignant plotters against our traditional theology, we stop to wonder what the consequences will be. Is this trial down in the little court room in Dayton going to have the great transcendental spiritual effect with which we were beguiled in the anticipatory stages? Will an irresistible tide of spiritual exultation sweep across the country accompanied by loud hosannas from the faithful and repentent?

No, of course not. . .

Certain laws of human psychology are almost inflexible. Forbidden fruit is always the sweetest, and particularly so is it to young people. What young people are affirmatively refused is generally what they most eagerly want. The whole purpose of education should be to stimulate intellectual curiosity, and the garish light of publicity has done this for the theory of evolution in a way which would make the most inspired apostle of truth green with envy. Though the students of Tennessee may not hear academic lectures on evolution, we venture to say that the tenets of that vicious and prohibited faith will be quite as familiar to Tennesseeans as they are elsewhere. But the more widespread understanding of evolution will not be confined to Tennessee. We merely

The old *Pantagraph* building looked like this when Stevenson was working in various departments of the paper during the early 1920's. The picture was furnished by the *Pantagraph*.

ave that state to thank for the unonscious intellectual impetus.

WHILE TRAVELING IN EUROPE *in the all of 1926, Stevenson sent the* Pantagraph *two long letters dealing with he rise and the prospects of Italian ascism under Mussolini. Like most Americans of that time, he was beguiled by Il Duce's accomplishments n making the trains run on time and ll that, but he registered considerble apprehension about fascism's ack of principle, suppression of civil iberties and imperialist hunger:*

. . . With an impotent government t Rome the growing and well disciplined Fascisti were the only counter orce to bolshevism. Violence and bloodshed were incessant throughout he land. But such was the growing orce of Fascism, that in the elections f May, 1931, Mussolini found himelf the leader of a parliamentary group that had sprung from nothing o 33 members.

Here was the first conquest of the new spirit of Italy and the first great manifestation of the new feeling of nope and accomplishment that has adiated from Italy thorugh all Europe –the resistless spirit of youth which is everywhere supplanting the old order with its faith and its passion. . .

Italians have always preferred to follow personalities rather than principles. This is the primary reason why the rank and file of Italians are working with a spirit that is altogether new. For its dynamic, dramatic qualities, Mussolini's character has few historical counterparts. Italy presents a cleaner, a more vigorous and enthusiastic atmosphere than ever before, though it is reassuring to observe that the old picturesqueness still remains; the indolent count still courts the heiress, street singers still stop under your window and the gondolas of Venice are not yet equipped with motors. . .

It is evident that order has come out of chaos and that Italy has witnessed the sunrise of a day of prosperity. But the "beneficent tyrant" who prefers "five thousand rifles to fifty thousand votes" has conferred these benefits by locking the lazy, quarrelsome boy in a straight-jacket, stuffing a handkerchief in his mouth and then hypnotizing him with juggling feats performed with sticks of dynamite. . .

One cannot but be surprised to find such apparent inconsistencies in the expressed opinions of a man so eminently decisive, collected and forceful as Mussolini. In 1921 he said: "The nation turned to us when our movement appeared as a liberation from tyranny; the nation will turn against us if our movement takes on the guise of a fresh tyranny." Yet he has consistently denied the existence of "liberty" in the Fascist vocabulary and has substituted "order" and "discipline." Writing in 1923 he said: "Be it known then, once and for all, that Fascism knows no idols, worships no fetishes. It has already stepped, and if need be, will quietly turn around to step once more over the more or less putrid body of the Goddess Liberty." One wonders just how much liberty you can take away before you begin to tyrannize . . .

One thing is clear, that Fascismo has done great things for Italy; shaken her out of an industrial and commercial lethargy and restored her national prestige while at the same time causing no little misapprehension as to imperialistic ambitions. Mussolini ranks with Lenin as one of the great national idols of all time, but Italy must have peace and tranquility if the vigorous tree that he has planted is to bear all its potential fruit.

STEVENSON'S ORIGINALITY *and wit were present, if immature, in much of his writing for the* Pantagraph, *but the excitement of covering a disaster in March, 1925, propelled him into the world of purple cliches inhabited by lesser scribes. Nearly a thousand people were killed in a tornado that swept across Missouri and Southern Illinois and Indiana. Stevenson was sent to the area on the Panama Limited. He filed a short story from the train, and wrote several longer ones after he got back:*

An atmosphere of catastrophe and havoc pervades all trains enroute to the storm stricken area of Southern Illinois. . . . A few seats away sits a mother, down whose anxious face tears are coursing. A fellow traveler is endeavoring to comfort her, but to no avail, for what are words in the face of dire distress and fearful misgivings . . . What pay of relief and anguish if despair await these travelers when we reach Carbondale and the worst or best is known? . . .

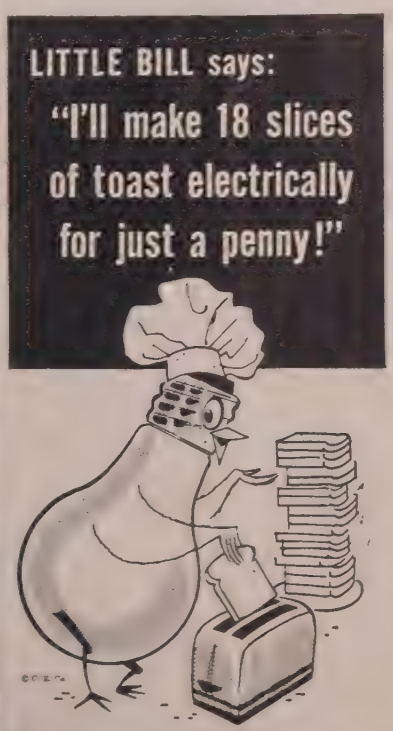
Four days have elapsed now since the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse disappeared over the Indiana line on their mad, devastating race, leaving behind them a wake of horror and destruction that beggars description. The catastrophic fury of the elements has never been more fearfully demonstrated and it will be many years if Egypt, that erstwhile land of milk and honey, ever effaces the ghastly vestiges of a moment's elemental wrath. . .

Viewing this broad expanse of scattered, twisted, smouldering wreckage one cannot but reflect on the futility of life and the insignificance of man. Truly our destinies are cradled in the laps of the Gods. Atropos has clipped a bundle of threads and behold what horror remains as the mute but eloquent witness of her disfavor! . . .

To see on every side the human spirit triumphant over cruelty that has removed all that makes life worthwhile is an exhibition of heroism and abiding faith in the essential rightness of things that surpasses all understanding. . . . It scratches the very heart of one to think that hundreds of families have lost their all just as life was unfolding its rewards. . . .

A doctor in Murphysboro thought it was more important to patch up his house than to help with the injured and dying. He has irrevocably lost his practice. Slacking next to looting is the greatest sin throughout the stricken area. The Boy Scouts are doing valiant work in a quiet, obedient way. . . .

A pall of dry-eyed, inarticulate depression has settled over sunny Egypt. In a few weeks the peach orchards will be in blossom but it will not be the happy, joyous time of yesteryear for these simple, honest country folks. ■



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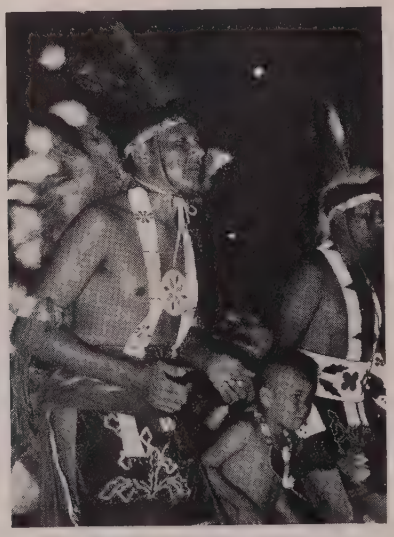
Just down the road a piece, in Tama, Iowa, visitors are surprised to find a cohesive, flourishing Indian tribe, the Fox, holding a traditional . . .

POW WOW

five hours from the Loop



Painted, feathered, brilliantly garbed a jangling with ceremonial trinkets, these m women and children of the Fox throw the selves with fervor, joy and some reveren into the annual ritual.

photographs by Herbert Becke

by Lisa Redfield Peattie

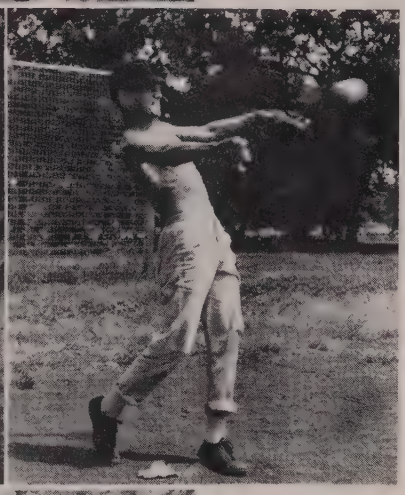
On a hot summer day a few years ago I was sitting inside the long "summer house" where the Wolf clan of the Fox Indians was holding its yearly feast. The windowless building was dusky, but bars of sunlight came through slits in the walls and through the open end, illuminating curls of wood smoke in the air. There were two long, waist-high platforms running down the sides of the house, and on these sat spectator members of the tribe—each on the north bench or the south according to the division of the tribe into which he had been born.

Together and opposite me on the south bench were the musicians—men with drums and rasps and the singer, singing strangely cadenced songs in a language which I did not understand. Between the two rows of people circled the dancers, the young men in short beaded aprons and moccasins, bright with feathers, their tawny skin gleaming with sweat.

I had sat there for hours; I could not tell how long. I felt intoxicated by the steady beat of the drums and the smell of wood smoke from under the cooking pots at the end of the summer house. The leading dancer was a boy of about 15 with a high bridged nose like one of those feathered warriors on the Maya temples, and he danced well, lifting his knees high and stepping always in time to the beat. It seemed to me that my blood was beating the same time as the drums.

Then a roar shook the summer house and for a minute drowned out the singer. It was the Northwestern railroad's streamliner passing through, only a few hundred yards away. As its roar died away in the distance, the drums and the singer were heard again. Neither their beat, nor that of the dancers, had been broken by the interruption. They are used to streamliners; the railroad runs right through their settlement.

By no means all the American Indians are off in the land of the rattlesnake and atom bomb—the Midwest has its Indians too, and the Fox live five hours from Chicago by train, spang in the middle of corn and hog



raising Iowa. There's no trek into the desert or mountains to find these Indians; once train (or highway) has taken you to the town of Tama, anyone can show you where to find the gravelled road which winds off through the settlement of the Fox Indians of Iowa, called by themselves the Mesquakie.

The road slopes up through hilly land, largely wooded, which contrasts sharply with the prosperous, rectilinear cornfields of the surrounding farms. Scattered, usually back from the road, are the frame houses of the Fox—sometimes with neat lawns in front, sometimes set in little clearings like Kentucky mountain cabins. In the lower land are some cornfields, and you may see an Indian farmer on a tractor, but above in the more hilly parts of the settlement there are only little gardens of vegetables and corn—Indian corn; very little of the Fox settlement is actually suitable for farming.

On a hot summer day women trim their beans or do their sewing or beadwork sitting on the grass near the house; living in American-style frame houses the Fox still have not forgotten how to use the out-of-doors, and most summer cooking goes on over an outside wood fire.

Up the hill is the new, white-painted elementary school run by the Indian Service. Nearer the railroad tracks, and not far from another clutter of small governmental buildings, is the two-room store, run by one of the Indian families. It is not only a place where a housewife can buy a loaf of bread, or a boy a bottle of pop, or a man can get a haircut; it is also a spot for people to get together—to play pool, or talk or, some nights, to square dance, with two or three young men supplying the music on guitars. This is the settlement which is home for the Fox.

The Fox have lived on their settlement in the middle of Iowa for about a hundred years, and they show no signs of fading away now. In fact there are over twice as many of them as there were a hundred years ago and year by year they increase as more children are born. (This, by the way, is true of American Indians in general; they are by no means "vanishing Americans," but are in fact increasing at a fairly notable clip by the simple expedient of being born faster than they die out or become assimilated.) The Mesquakie tribe now numbers about 650 people, of whom some 500 live on the settlement. Most of those who live away—mainly in such larger Iowa communities as Waterloo, Des Moines and Cedar Rapids—do so to be close to

their jobs, rather than because they have severed connections with the tribe; usually they come back to visit when they can, at least at the time of the annual pow wow.

People who talk as if the Fox would soon disappear in the American melting pot may be underestimating the tribe by a good deal. They have been nothing if not tenacious; their survival as a people is a tribute to that tenacity, from the days when the French thought that they had wiped the tribe out in wars over the fur trade, to the time when the U.S. government thought it had them safely moved to Kansas.

WHEN THE FRENCH first met the Fox—around 1636—they were living near Green Bay, Wisconsin, and numbered about 2,000 people. Their men were proud hunters, brave in warfare, owning no ruler; they had chiefs and a tribal council, but not even these leaders could rule any man against his will.

During the summer, the Indians lived in settled villages in long, bark-covered rectangular dwellings, of which their modern summer house is a copy in board lumber. The men hunted and gambled and sometimes went to war; the women dug in the little gardens and harvested the corn, beans and squash. Summer was a time for coming and going of visiting Indians, for the big lacrosse games, and for the clan feasts with drum and rasp and sacrificial boiled dog in the long summer house, a time for sociability and plenty to eat.

Winter was different. With the first freeze the villages broke up and families scattered to the hunting grounds, living in temporary dome-shaped wickiups of bent saplings covered with mats, making a living from the wild game and dried corn until the return of spring and the resumption of village life.

The French soon learned to give the Fox a wary respect, but it was little tinged with affection. The Fox became allied with England in the French-English wars over the fur trade, and were such formidable opponents that the French paid them the compliment of trying to wipe them out. More than once they very nearly succeeded.

The Fox survived the French and Indian wars only to meet a still more dangerous enemy—the advancing frontier of white settlement. Treaty by treaty, the Fox were pushed to the west. By 1831, at the beginning of the Black Hawk war, they, with their close allies the Sac, were pushed across the Mississippi into Iowa. Fifteen years later government troops

Opposite page: Top, this Fox girl might be any American ten-year old in blue jeans, except this corn is real Indian corn, of seed passed down through many generations of Indian families. Center, while the Fox have adhered to many of the old ways which distinguish tribal life, the symbols of a modern American life have penetrated, too. The Fox American Legion post always is prominent in the pow-wow parade and baseball has largely replaced the traditional lacrosse. Bottom, most Fox homes stand in quiet clearings, surrounded by trees and back from the road. On this page, some of the elders of the Fox community. The thoughtful looking man at bottom is chairman of the tribal council.

These personify the statistics which indicate bounding increases in the Fox population around Tama. Visitors to the settlement are taken by the good humor and easy charm of the children. They will get more education than their parents did. These opportunities bring problems to the young Fox, who often finds himself straddling two cultural patterns, but the group seems open to taking tomorrow as it comes.

design by Roger Thorngren

forcibly removed the two allied tribes from Iowa and put them on a reservation in Kansas, where government agents at once began an intensive campaign to "civilize the Indians."

The government had not reckoned with the Fox. The Kansas plains were a land of exile for these Indians, used to the deer-filled forests of Wisconsin, Illinois and Iowa, and the pressure to adopt "white ways" filled the Fox with resentment. In 1854 they sent a small band of men back to Iowa (where a few Fox who had somehow eluded the troops still remained) to look for a more congenial home.

By selling their ponies, the delegates from Kansas managed to raise enough cash to buy eighty acres of land along the Iowa river, and were given permission by the state's governor to settle. There they could hunt deer and plant their corn in the bottoms, and there they could live as they pleased. The federal government, understandably piqued, withheld annuities from the Iowa group until 1867, but with little effect; more and more Fox returned to Iowa, and bit by bit added to the land which was their refuge.

Their tribe now owns 3,300 acres. As late as 1900 they still scattered for their winter hunt, but as deer became scarce, they made the economic adjustments necessary to survive. The men hired out as farm laborers and later as railroad and road workers, setting the pattern of their present mode of life as Indians in a white world. Finally, in 1896, the federal government, recognizing a *fait accompli* when it saw one, resumed jurisdiction over the Fox in Iowa.

The Fox settlement is not, therefore, in the ordinary sense a reservation. These Indians bought the land themselves, and to them it now belongs, in tribal ownership, no individual member having the power to sell any part. The Fox are proud of having bought their land rather than receiving it as a handout from a government seen as representing, in some general sense, a group of conquerors. Moreover, they have seen too many tribes with land in individual ownership gradually lose it through individual sales not to prize their communal ownership pattern. "This way we always have our land," they say.

The land is a refuge in a world which is often problematical for the Fox. For it is not easy to be an Indian in central Iowa. The singer at the clan feast who earns a living working in town is straddling two cultural worlds; not all situations fo all individuals are capable of thi solution. One cannot simply pick "the

best of both worlds," for bests often conflict; he who follows Fox ways of easy-going non-competitiveness is fairly bound to be what whites see as an economic failure, for example. Nor do white prejudices make being an Indian easy. But there is always the land—if the federal government threatens to withdraw its aid; if a young Fox girl in the high school feels isolated and conspicuous reciting in class; if a Fox worker feels that he has been fired ahead of a later-hired white—at least there is always the land and the settlement.

LIVING WHERE THEY DO, the Fox have had plenty of opportunity to learn "white ways" of doing things, and it is not surprising that they have taken advantage of it. Hunting as a way of making a living disappeared with the deer; men of the Fox settlement commute by car to jobs in towns as nearby as Tama and as far away as Davenport. The tribe pays taxes to the state of Iowa, and its members can and often do vote in local and national elections. All children go to the federally-run school on the settlement and most now go on to high school in the town of Tama; some now are going to college. Some of those boys whose moccasins padded the earth with a steady beat in the Wolf clan dance which I attended were also players on the high school basketball team. The Fox buy their food and clothing in the Tama stores; they read newspapers; their teenagers hum the latest jukebox favorites. But they are also Indians.

If visitors to the Fox are not surprised to find that the Indians have adopted many of the white ways of living and making a living, they are often surprised almost to disbelief to see the extent to which the Fox have selected out what they wanted of white ways, retaining in many areas of life their own. It is not just the Indian cookery, the "fried bread" and boiled meat, in summer usually made over an open fire outside the house. It is not just the occasional bark-covered, dome-shaped wickiup next to the board house ("cooler in summer," the Fox say). It is not just that people still hold the feasts with which another member of the tribe is "adopted" in place of a family member recently dead. It goes deeper than that.

It's the way everyone speaks Mesquakie by choice, even though all but a few old people are fluent in English. "In the Army, says one of the Fox veterans, "sometimes I went out in the woods by myself and talked Mesquakie all alone, just talked to myself to hear it." It is English, not Mesquakie, which is the "second language," and most children first learn English when they go to school.

Christian missionaries have been trying to convert the Fox since 1670, and for many years there has been a Presbyterian mission right at the settlement, yet only a handful of Fox are now Christians. In religion, too, most of the Fox are still Indian. No longer is it usual for young people to fast for visions bringing spiritual power, as was the way in the old days, but most of the tribe still practice the traditional ceremonials centering around "sacred bundles." These "clan feasts" are held as regularly as ever, and, as on that day when I sat in the smoky summer house and heard the streamliner roar by, they are attended by old and young alike.

Among the Fox there are two new religions which have gained groups of converts, but both of these are, if not distinctively Fox, surely distinctively Indian. One of these is the Peyote church, which originated in Oklahoma and is formally incorporated there; its believers worship the same God as the Christians and represent in their services the coming of Christ—but as Indians. They meet in a large tipi, sitting formally in a circle around a fire, and they worship with the objects which are symbols of the Indian—the drum, the rattles, the eagle feathers, the tobacco. The center of the ritual is the taking, as a sacrament, of peyote, a plant, containing mescalin, which is for the eater a way to visions. The second of these new religions, the Cult of the Drums, came to the Fox from the tribes of Wisconsin about 40 years ago. The members of this society worship the Great Spirit (whom they think of as really the same as the Christian God) with dancing to the drums and with offerings of tobacco. The man who taught me about the Drums, now dead but then the leader of the new religion among the Fox, told me: "I've studied the Bible for four years now. It's helped me a lot. I believe in the Bible but I can't go by it, because I'm an Indian." The Drums, he said, are "the Indian way."

More generally even than in these items of custom and language and the symbols of religion, there is a difference—hard to put into words, but compelling to those whites who have come to know the Fox—in the manners and values of the tribe compared to surrounding whites. Somehow this is still a people, and a people with a way of life in its general contours still largely Indian.

Next August 16-19, as every August for the last two generations, the Fox will dramatize to themselves and to whites that sense of being a People. On these four days they hold their annual pow wow, a combination of commercial show, county fair and community festival.

The pow wow is held in a wide grassy clearing, surrounded by trees, down near the lower end of the settlement. Here the pow wow committee (16 men of the tribe elected for two-year terms) see to the setting up of the bleachers, the stringing of lights, the arrangements for parking cars; they have an eye to the erection of the row of tipis, tents and wickiups which constitute an "Indian village" at one side of the grounds. These tents and wickiups, in which families will sleep, mend their costumes, bathe their babies, dress and eat during pow wow time, also constitute, so to speak, the backdrop of the "set." Between these and the curving bleachers packed with curious white tourists, visiting Indians and local Iowans, the Fox will dance. Men, women and children, they can all dance, shining with beaded and sequined dance costumes and bright feathers, noisy with bells and rattling trim, radiating the mood of a general holiday.

When it is time for pow wow, the community draws itself together around this center. Sons and daughters and whole families living away from the settlement come home for pow wow. Many families from outlying parts of the settlement pile their household goods into trucks and move down to the "Indian village" at the edge of the grounds. All normal business of the settlement comes to a stop; who would pick cucumbers while pow wow is going on?

Around the edges of the dancing area families set up their little stands on which are neatly arranged the beadwork and other souvenirs on which they have been working in their spare time for the past months. Here a middle aged man, selling toy bows and arrows, tricked out in an elaborate feather headdress, makes a broad parody of shooting with his child-sized wares. There a group of young men, leaning over the counter of the hamburger stand and brandishing soft drink bottles, josh the girl who is rushing cups of hot coffee to the customers. Further along, a couple of young men have set up a "shoot the arrow into the target" concession. Under the trees, tourists file seriously through the tent where the school has set up its exhibit of Fox crafts. At the edge of the dance grounds a young man is busy with the loudspeaker equipment, making ready for the speech of introduction which will open the dancing.

The Fox take their dancing seriously. As the lines of women move for-

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Q: Isn't the cost of an agency too great for really small advertisers?

A: There should be no extra cost! It is up to the agency to stay within the budget and make it produce maximum sales.

Q: How can I tell whether you or any other agency will get better results for my advertising dollars?

A: Ask for names of clients with budgets and needs about like your own. Then talk with these clients. They'll be glad to tell you what they think of the agency's ability. If it *has* ability, don't worry about size. A good agency has a reputation to protect — it won't accept your account if it can't give you full and complete service.

If you have questions or problems of your own, write or phone. We'll be glad to discuss them confidentially and without obligation.

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ward around the dance ground they step almost with solemnity, their thick beaded and ribboned skirts swaying with each beat. The men's dancing, as befits men a much more individualistic matter with room for each to show his virtuosity, is also a serious gaiety. Even the smallest children, dancing, are taking part in a major ceremonial and dance so. It is a happy time, a celebration, best of the year; it is also important.

The dances of the pow wow are less than the dances of the Fox, and more. The most truly sacred dances are not done here, in public, for an audience, although some of the dances which have come into pow wow use in recent years still make some of the more conservative a little uncomfortable, at exposing that which is sacred in this carnival setting. The dances are more than merely Fox dances too, in that some of them are—as the announcer tells the audience—borrowed from other tribes. Several young men, visiting in the Southwest, have learned the Eagle dance of the Hopi, and swoop in the fierce eagle costumes, to the muted sound of the Pueblo Indian drum. But these dances are to the Fox now in some sense theirs too, given them as ornaments of the pow wow.

The pow wow is, of course, a money-making enterprise, and as such of considerable importance among a people with an annual income as low as the Fox. Every member of the tribe, from the small children to the old people, from the most conservative to the most "Americanized," can find a job to do in the pow wow, and all the participants share in the gate receipts. The main feature of the pow wow is the dances, and, dressed in traditional costume, everyone can join. In addition, there is a chance to sell souvenirs, pop, hot dogs and popcorn; to direct traffic; to drum and sing for the dancing; to manage the loudspeaker system; to arrange the lighting. All of these jobs are opportunities to make a—small—profit.

But the pow wow is more than that to the Fox. It is the emotional high point of the year, the time at which the community rejoices in its self-affirmation. "It's the one time during the year when we all get together and just enjoy ourselves. We all go down to the grounds and for four days we just have a good time. We wear the old Indian costumes, and dance, and live in the wickiups, and everybody gets together and we visit and have a good time."

People do not dance just to get paid. In the warm summer evenings for weeks beforehand people gather at the pow wow grounds to "practice" dancing. Actually this is no training session with leaders and instructions, but an emotional warm-up for the pow wow itself. The drummers drum and sing and lines of women move in the circle dance, while boys try out the fancy steps of men's dancing. On the benches, women and children gather to talk and watch. As pow wow time grows closer, the dances become more varied, and sometimes there are special events—perhaps a box social to raise funds. It is a happy time, friendly and relaxed.

When the time actually is there, pow wow begun, the tribe is tuned to a higher emotional pitch. Men and women for weeks have been fixing their dance costumes; now they appear glittering with beads and feathers. People sleep little; they are busy talking and laughing in the warm nights after the dancing. Everyone is down around the pow wow grounds, and if, after a day spent there, you walk to the other end of the settlement, you have the same sense of shock that you have if you step from a room filled by the noise of a large party into the dark and silent street. The community is not scattered in these little houses among the trees now; it is concentrated there by the bleachers, where the feathered dancers move among the souvenir stands.

Even after the pow wow is over, officially, and the visiting audience gone home, the dancing goes on. On the last night of the pow wow, after the last "show," the dancers go in a group to dance in front of each tent, each pop corn and souvenir stand, in an old Indian pattern for the ends of such events. But even on the night after that, if you pass the pow wow grounds, you may hear the drums and know that the dancing is still going on. ■

A Sewer in the Sky

The air we breathe can dissolve nylon, and do equally serious things to the human body.

by Georg Mann

The secretary at the front desk screamed and pointed down at her suddenly shredded nylons. The other girls laughed, then stampeded for the washroom as they saw the ruined wisps of fabric on their own calves. In this way, a day or two after last Easter, a score or more of office workers on the Near West Side learned what air pollution can do to stockings—a lesson already familiar to women all across the United States, from Seattle to Atlanta, from St. Paul to Philadelphia.

What caused the stockings to disintegrate? Queried, the manufacturer matter-of-factly replied that the stockings gave way because they came in contact with "coal and oil in combination with an oxidizing agent, like ozone." Translated, this suggests that there was enough sulfuric acid drifting around loose in the chemical by-products that Chicagoans inhale daily to eat holes in stockings.

Offhand, a few pair of ruined nylons seems funny. City dwellers across the nation are already accumulating anecdotes about air pollution, and its accompanying smog. In Pasadena, they joke about the coed who was acquitted for parking in front of a no parking sign. She produced photographs which proved that the smog made the sign invisible. Down in New Orleans, police held their breaths last fall when smog marooned two armored cars carrying two million dollars in cash overnight on the edge of the city. In London, a garage burned down completely masked by smog,

Rat hairs and oil droplets are among the ingredients of the haze that often settles along the lake front.

United Press Photo

One of the many toxic substances the city breathes, sulfuric acid is blamed for minor catastrophes like this one.

International News Photo

and a housewife indignantly found a perfect stranger trying to post a letter in her ear.

Air pollution is scarcely a joke, however. The average city dweller breathes in what has been described as a "weak soup with poisons in it" from a "sewer in the sky." Every American town with more than 10,000 people has some air pollution problem. Ten of the biggest cities, including this one, are described as being on the verge of becoming as smog bound as Los Angeles.

So far, we have been lucky enough to escape the major calamities that can result from air pollution. We have missed a disaster like that in Belgium's Meuse valley in 1930 (63 dead, 5,000 stricken); Donora, Pennsylvania in 1948 (20 dead, 2,000 ill), and London, in December, 1952, when the death rate from bronchial diseases was kited 4,000 per cent above the normal by the smog. We have seen no rush into our hospitals, such as happened in New Orleans last November when two died and 350 victims of chronic lung diseases demanded immediate attention. So far, this city hasn't even nicknamed a new disease, such as "Yokohama asthma," resulting from air pollution.

Nor have we been exposed to the peculiarities that accompany smog in Los Angeles – the reddened eyes, raspy throats and administrative short tempers that threaten to ban the sale of new cars and forbid all industrial production. And although the airports occasionally shut down, we've seen nothing like the fantastic accident-causing traffic tie-up that lasted several days in the New York city area in 1953. Then the visibility dropped to zero and stayed there; school children were sent home coughing and wheezing, and factory first-aid clinics were jammed with workers seeking immediate relief.

To date, we have been lucky–but not very. Last year, an average of 53 tons of dust fell on every one of the city's 212 square miles every month. In January, 1956, it moved up a bit to a rate of 71.6 tons. That makes a sooty shroud (our dust is almost as jet black as Pittsburgh's) of more than 1/64th of an inch thick neatly enveloping all horizontal surfaces in the city. On every city block last year half a ton of dust and dirt settled every month. True, the dust fall varies from area to area. Beverly Hills is usually among the cleanest spots, the Loop ranks high among the dirtiest. Recently, city combustion engineer Edward Kosiuch pointed out that the dustfall in the highly industrialized Calumet area, southeast of the city, was about half that in the Loop.

THE DUST CONSISTS of almost anything unpleasant you care to name. There's a fair share of the dustbowl of the Southwestern states dumped on the city. There's also soot from the apartment building furnace next door, rat hairs, and ash from backyard trash burners. Some consists of unburned particles of gasoline from automobiles – but more about that later. If the wind is right, northwestern Indiana's refineries send up oil droplets. In some areas the oil droplets alone make up thirty percent of the local dustfall.

Obviously, such a dustfall is reflected in our cleaning bill. Experts estimate that it costs the city from thirty to fifty million dollars a year just to wash out from under. (The national clean-up, paint-up bill is estimated at around a billion and a half a year, due to soot).

In one sense, it's surprising we are as clean as we are. We are the nation's largest municipal burner of soft coal, sending thirty million tons a year billowing skyward. Soft coal, unless it is burned properly, is bound to smoke and produce soot. True, we get a major assist from geography–an assist that hapless Los Angeles lacks. The winds whip across the flat Midwestern prairies, preventing–for the most part – those up-ended atmospheric conditions called inversions. These take place when a layer of cooler air settles down over an area, keeping the normally rising smoky air from the city bottled up under an atmospheric stovelid. Cities located in natural hollows–like Los Angeles between the mountains and the sea, and Pittsburgh, in its river valley–are sitting ducks for inversions. While this area is free from consistent inversions, its rescuing winds also keep stirring up the local dustfall, mixing up what is shaken out the back window by the mop-wielding housewife, dust from vacant lots, and smoke from the house around the corner. The winds don't blow the dust away, they just keep shifting it around. For that reason, the April dustfall is sometimes worse than that in January, even though the latter month sees more fuel burned.

One sidelight on the wind. As long as the wind blows steadily in one direction, nobody seems to mind. But when the winds begin to veer, the city's department of air pollution control gets set for the telephone calls complaining about both smog and industrial odors.

The problem is almost as old as Chicago itself. The first local ordinance to control the smoke menace was passed in 1881. It was scarcely a success. The situation grew worse over the years. In recent years, however, it would seem that industry and railroads, once the most conspicuous pollutors of our native air, have considerably improved their practices. The railroads, thanks to dieselization, now contribute no more smoke than individual homeowners, and far less than apartment buildings. Currently, the city is spending about $300,000 a year to curb smoky chimneys. The dustfall has lessened from a 1927 average of 390 tons per square mile per month to the present fifty. In recent years, the decline has leveled off, however, although the burnable content of the dust–that part which goes up the chimney as the result of bad firing practices–has been cut in half in the past ten years or so.

The violations of smoke ordinances are relatively easy to spot–in fact, they are impossible to ignore. Policing is simple; fines discourage the man who wastes his fuel money at his neighbor's expense. More of a hazard than the visible soot and dust, is the newest headache looming on the horizons of cities around the world. This is the invisible pollution of the air by a host of chemicals that are free to react with each other and create new compounds of unknown hazards.

Take the automobile, for example

Los Angeles experts believe the automobile is perhaps the largest single contributor to the chemical content of smog. The long line of automobiles moving toward the city on a Sunday afternoon pollutes the air as much as would a smelter operating in the heart of the city. There are local observers who believe that the smog sets in around Midway airport in the morning just after the citizens have piled into their cars to drive to work. The Palmolive beacon is said to change its color to a ruddy orange on winter nights when Michigan avenue is jammed with commuters driving north. Measurements have shown that there is seven times as much lead floating in the air around the water tower as there is on the near West Side—thanks to the unburned, leaded gasoline given off by the unmoving cars on the boulevard.

Automotive experts figure that an idling motor releases close to a quarter of its fuel unburned, and our traffic affords plenty of opportunities for idling. The unburned fuel oozing from the exhaust steps up to sixty percent of the total consumption when an automobile is slowing down—another phenomenon not precisely unknown on our streets. Fortunately, we have not yet reached the point where anyone has half-seriously suggested, as they have in California, that all new automobile sales be banned to avoid air pollution. Perhaps the manufacturers, currently spending more than a million dollars a year in trying to keep automotive air pollution to a minimum, will develop some simple device. So far, among others, afterburners, catalysts, and new techniques of carburetion are being studied.

IT MAY WELL BE that the dirt we see, feel, taste and breathe, that rims our shirt collars, settles on our tables, and makes our homes dingy, is not the main menace found in the local air. The invisible chemicals, the ones not detectable through our senses, may be far worse. There is sulfur in the air —much of the coal we burn gives off four to six percent of sulfur compounds. The partially burned hydrocarbons from gasoline also permeate the atmosphere. Ammonia compounds and compounds of nitrogen and oxygen, given off in various types of burning, are increasingly looked upon as a menace. Some of the chemicals in the air are known to cause cancer in experimental animals.

What happens to the half a million tons of sulfur that enters our air during the heating season in the form of sulfur dioxide? Under the action of sunlight, the molecule of sulfur dioxide picks up another atom of oxygen and becomes transformed into sulfur trioxide. This combines with water vapor in the air and forms sulfuric acid, which plays hob with nylons, among other things. The stepped-up bronchial death rates in London in 1952 were marked by larger than

United Press Photo

Such scenes as June stealing into the city in murk and gloom are rarer here than in Los Angeles because of scouring winds from lake and prairie, but smokers and non-smokers still get to inhale lots of corrosive substances.

normal amounts of sulfur dioxide in the air. The nitrogen compounds produced by burning also absorb energy from sunlight to trigger a series of chemical reactions.

Some of the products of these reactions are extremely active chemically, able to set the eyes smarting, the chest wheezing, even destroy plant life. (Farm crops in the Los Angeles area are damaged to the tune of three million dollars a year by smog). One possible group of chemicals, combining both sulfur and nitrogen—the metallic ammonium sulfates—exists in the atmosphere in particles less than one-five thousandth of an inch across. This makes them small enough to be breathed into the lungs where they cause illness, possibly even fatalities, by irritating the lining of the lungs after dissolving in the lung fluids.

Ozone, once looked upon as the synonym for active, bracing air, is also being created over our cities. Ozone is an extremely active form of oxygen, and in high concentrations is a definite health hazard. It has already proven a headache for tire manufacturers, who are working on a new series of compounds to keep the ozone from attacking rubber. The amount of ozone in the air is currently the mercury in the fever thermometer of Los Angeles smog. A city-wide alert is called when ozone is detected in amounts greater than one-half part per million of air. Then housewives are forbidden to burn backyard incinerators—in themselves a potent cause of air pollution. Several times in the past few years such alerts have been called, and the city itself has taken its trucks off the streets to cut down the air pollution. A second alert is to be called when the ozone reaches one part per million parts of air, when all traffic is to be stopped, and industry will cut down its production. Once or twice, during the past few years, Los Angeles has almost reached this point. If the ozone ever reaches one and one-half parts per million, the city will be declared a disaster area.

CAN THE PROBLEM BE LICKED? The experience of other cities may provide a clue for Chicago, particularly the partial successes in Pittsburgh and St. Louis. The pall over Pittsburgh was once notorious, but organized civic action has reduced smoke by some ninety percent. It took money, some $200,000,000 spent over a period of years by industry and civic groups. It has paid off, with Pittsburgh's annual cleaning, lighting, laundry, painting, and soot damage to merchandise bill cut by $28,000,000. It took laws with teeth in them to make sure that high volatility coal wasn't sold to hand-fired furnace installations. Similar campaigns in St. Louis have been almost equally successful.

In contrast with Pittsburgh, Chicago is spending less than cigaret money to lick its smoke problems. In addition to the relatively small sum of $300,000 a year given to enforce laws against wasteful smoke production, $20,000 has been spent in painfully needed research on the problem. Armour Research Foundation scientists have done an extraordinarily good job with fantastically inadequate funds to study the city's smoke problem. These scientists have cooperated in the formation of the Midwest Air Pollution Prevention association—MAPPA—which has also investigated basic facets of air pollution. Another step forward was taken last fall when Mayor Daley set up the Cleaner Air committee, and appointed Kenneth V. Zweiner, president of the Harris Trust and Savings bank, to head this organization.

The main complicating factor is the one of chemical air pollution. Combatting smoke may require stronger laws, stricter enforcement, more expensive equipment, but the general outlines of what has to be done are clear. The chemical pollution of the air is a far more difficult problem. Recently the federal government has become aware of the seriousness of the problem, and has allotted some five million dollars for research. Some seventeen thousand dollars are going to the University of Chicago's Horace R. Byers, chairman of the meteorology department, to develop techniques for chemically identifying particles in the air below microscopic size.

While air pollution varies in its dimensions and particulars in various cities, there are basic problems all have in common. The federal government is currently sponsoring research to develop techniques for determining trace concentrations of ozone in the air, whether smog causes lungs to become more susceptible to infection, and the influence of air pollutants on the heart and lungs. In addition to this problem, there is one other that can only be handled federally. Who else can decide whether New Jersey industry is responsible for killing crops on Staten Island, whether smoke from Missouri is damaging East St. Louis (or vice versa) or what can be done to prevent Indiana refineries from polluting Chicago's air—and Chicago's air from polluting nearby Indiana cities?

The tempo of the attack on the problem must be speeded up. Public health officials worriedly compare the pollution of the air to the water pollution of a few generations ago. Neither can be tolerated. And the need for action increases when the experts begin correlating air pollution and the explosive increase in the number of lung cancer cases since the turn of the century. Tobacco is currently the favorite whipping boy in lung cancer, but Dr. W. C. Hueper, head of the environmental cancer section of the National Institutes of Health, calls cigarets, "not a major factor." The real cause? "Atmospheric pollutants are to a great part responsible for the causation of lung cancer."

Some findings already indicate a disproportionate rise in lung cancer among city dwellers. Such known causes of cancer as a chemical called 3,4-benzpyrene have already been found in the polluted air over cities. These chemicals, incidentally, cannot be trapped by the gauze masks which have become so popular in London of recent years that they have even attracted the attention of the fashion designers. Last October, Clarence A. Mills, noted medical climatologist of Cincinnati, predicted that the effects of the Los Angeles smog would not be revealed in the lung cancer rate for a few more years—but that then the rate could be expected to go up.

In Britain, the *British Medical Journal* recently summed up a five-year survey, contrasting lung cancer deaths among males in cities and in rural areas. They found that Liverpool had eight to eleven times the quantity of cancer-producing chemicals in its air as rural sections of England. It also had eight to eleven times the number of lung cancer deaths among non-smoking males as the rural areas.

A final warning American voice comes from Dr. Paul Kotin of the University of California at Los Angeles, who has been studying the effects of air pollution for many years. He is inclined to minimize both the acute and chronic effects of smog on individual health—although many experts dispute him on this point, and there have been death certificates signed in Los Angeles with the cause of death given as smog. But Dr. Kotin does say: "I have the firm conviction that from a biological experimental point of view, atmospheric pollution provides more significant data and leads for the pathogenesis of lung cancer than perhaps any other suggested single pathogenetic mechanism."

In short, he believes that the "weak soup with poisons in it" that we breathe is the best lead yet for explaining the dramatic rise in lung cancer.

He may be right. He may be wrong. One thing is certain; we'd better find out in a hurry.

As We Were

75 YEARS AGO. Census figures released in June, 1881, showed Illinois leading the nation in both corn and wheat production . . . A record total of 785 pupils graduated from the city's 32 public grade schools and looked forward to entering the three high schools in the fall . . . The Chicagos led the National league pennant race, with the Buffalos second and the Worcesters third. Other teams in the circuit were from Boston, Cleveland, Detroit, Providence and Troy, New York . . . The *Tribune* exposed the rival *Times*' corrupt practice of running hundreds of phony want ads in an effort to increase the prestige of its classified section . . . Mayor Carter Harrison sr. was presented with a box of a new brand of cigars named in his honor.

50 YEARS AGO. Twenty-five head hunters from the Philippines were on display as Riverview park opened its season in June, 1906 . . . President Theodore Roosevelt denounced the filthy conditions in local meat packing houses and demanded legislation for more rigid government inspection . . . The civil service commission issued a ruling barring policemen from carrying umbrellas . . . Michael Hartnett, desk sergeant at the Brighton Park police station, sued his parish priest for $10,000 damages after he had been chided at mass for not contributing to the church . . . Clubs along Michigan avenue opposed plans for erecting the new Municipal court building there on the basis that it would bring in "rowdies and harum-scarums."

25 YEARS AGO. Gary celebrated its 25th anniversary in June, 1931, noting that it was the youngest city of over 100,000 population in the world . . . The Canalport police district was abolished and its station given to the department's new cloak and dagger Scotland Yard detail . . . Al Capone surrendered to the federal government and pleaded guilty to income tax evasion charges . . . The First National bank absorbed the Foreman-State National, thus becoming the second largest financial institution in the city and the sixth biggest in the world. . . . Frances James, a former Broadway and Hollywood actress, was appointed to the movie censor board, and announced that she preferred slightly shocking pictures to boring ones.

EXCLUSIVE!

CHICAGO CUBS and WHITE SOX home day games on . . .

WGN-TV Channel 9

Game Time 1:25 P.M.
Batting Practice 1 P.M.
Leadoff Man 1:10 P.M.
10th Inning 3:45 P.M.

fashions for wom

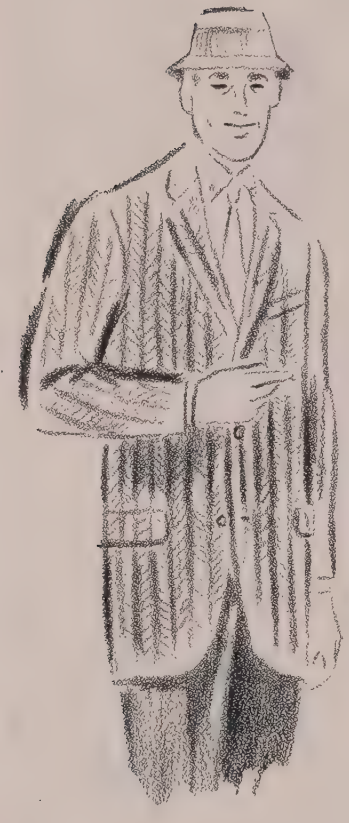
Sketches and notes by Tina Proctor

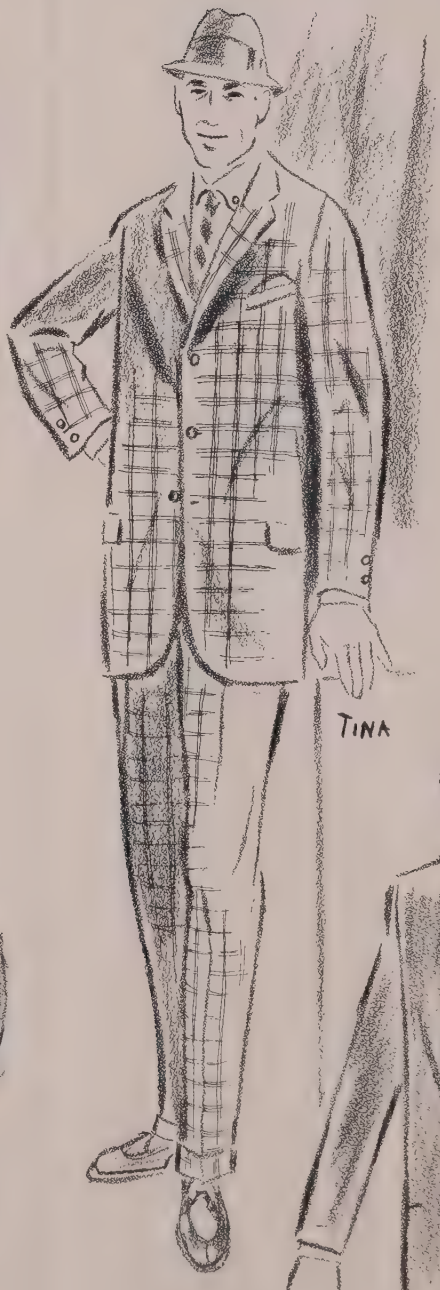
It's the proper, buttoned-up look that's governing men serious fashions these days. And it's not difficult remember it when shopping for gifts for the man, f "his" shops give ample evidence of the trend—witne the extra button on jackets, the snugger collars on shir and the smaller, quieter ties.

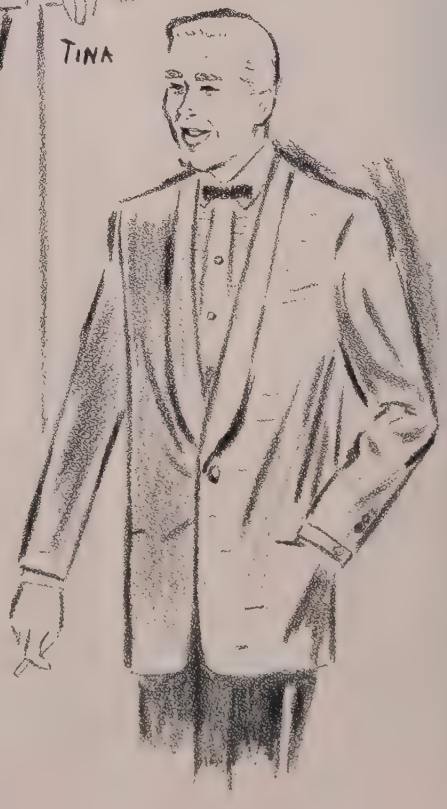
But as the "9 to 5" fashions becon more restrained, the week end an sports clothes become more flambo ant. Some hold resort-conscious Eur pean designers responsible, and ca it the continental look. At any rat there are striped, soft-collared shirt bold walking shorts and jaunty cap

Even the Far East enters in, wit silk fabrics and Indic designs.

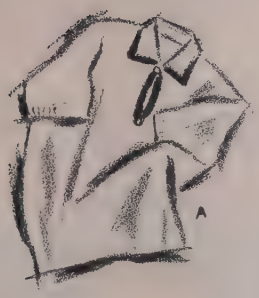
Two clear-cut trends, three cont nents and a wealth of fine men's shop in the city make gift buying for him pleasure this season.



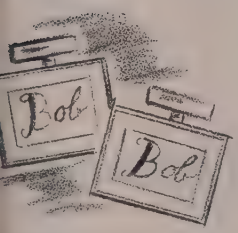




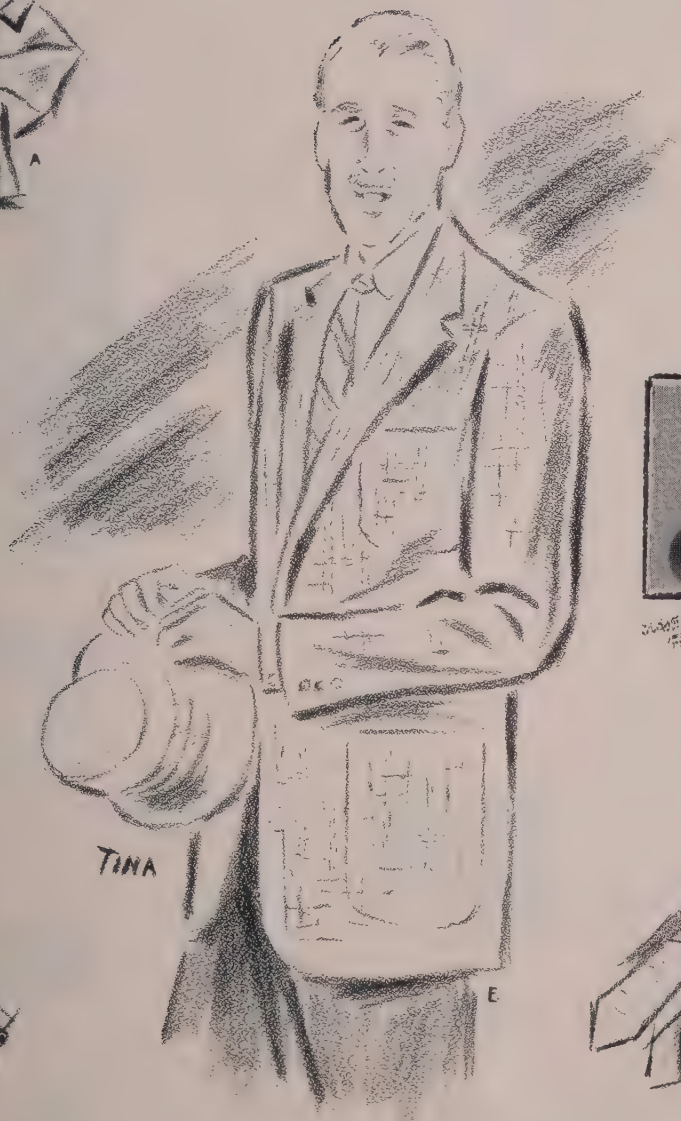
buy for men

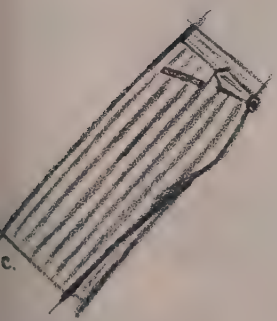


ortshirts with a continental
ir or the pullover—jersey—
ould find favor with him.

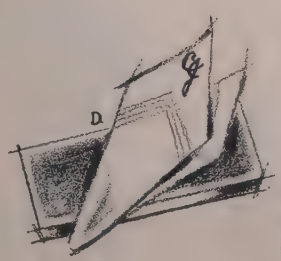


sonalized cufflinks add
elegant touch.





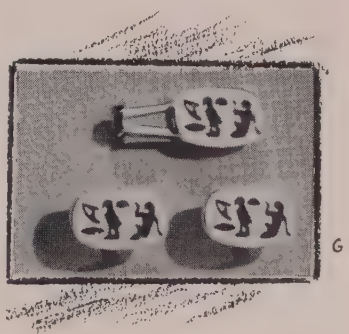
ia madras stripes and bright
ids are being used for walk-
shorts, some belted in back.



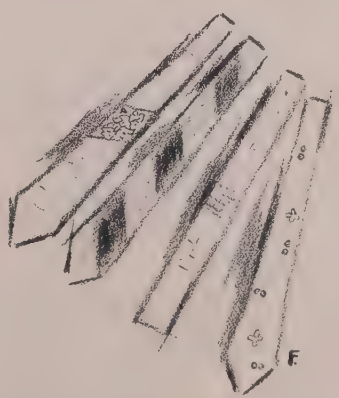
One of the many new jackets for summer, this one in raw silk makes a major gift.

An easy choice, a gift of three handsome handkerchiefs with a handmade look and initials.

If he's young enough to drive with the top down, he should like a smart new cap.



Language of love jewelry. It's a little more subtle to tell him you dig him in French, Greek, Egyptian, or Gregg shorthand.



Custom-made ties with his name on the label are sure to inflate the ego of the recipient.

The next issue of CHICAGO magazine will be a special summer issue which will pay considerable, but by no means exclusive, attention to the Democratic National convention. It will also deal with seasonal entertainment in this area, and with a number of less predictable subjects.

It will be on the news-stands July 31.

It will replace the regular July and August issues; accordingly, all subscritpions will be extended for one month.

The September issue will be published on the regular date, the last Thursday of August.

Readers & Writers

Fellow Egyptian

Sir: Haven't written a fan letter for a long time, but wanted you to know how much I enjoyed your *Equality in Egypt* [March].

At one time I lived in Mt. Vernon, southern Illinois' "King City," for 15 years. Your writing about "plumb through shopping" and similar Little Egypt expressions took me back for a mental visit. Haven't much desire to go down there anymore in person, but it is so different from northern Illinois that I hope to read more articles about the southern section of the state.

I suppose you know about the small town down there called Slap-Out. Believe they named it that because a grocer told a prospective purchaser that he was "slap out" of something he didn't have in stock.

MARJORIE WHEELER RODGERS,
Evanston

Primitive Chant

Sir: Perhaps some of your older readers remember the days in the late 90s when the "safety" bicycle, then at the height of its popularity, was sometimes scornfully referred to as an "ice wagon." During the rush hours, when a constant stream of cyclists made it almost impossible for pedestrians to cross Jackson boulevard, sophisticated little school girls would line up on the curb and jeeringly chant "Please sell me ten cents worth of ice."

E. W. JAMIESON,
San Francisco

Wisdom from Winnetka

Sir: Better and better! Your improvement is steady and enormously impressive. Obviously you are here to stay. Those of us who are loyal Chicagoans (and yet, I hope, are not provincial) owe you all a genuine debt of gratitude. Keep up the good work.

THOMAS R. MULROY,
Winnetka

Intercontinental Coincidence

Sir: Louise and Karl Hoebling, the proprietors of the William Tell restaurant, have given me new proof that CHICAGO certainly gets around. They told this anecdote:

Flying to Europe last spring, they fell to talking with a foreign trader from New York who was en route to a trade exposition in Vienna.

"Oh, you're from Chicago," he said. "I just read in CHICAGO magazine [*Season to Taste*—March, 1955] about a wonderful restaurant out there where they seem to do things up right. Name of the place is the William Tell. Ever go there?"

RICHARD DUNLOP

Minority Report

Allen

Sir: I don't think it necessary for a first rate publication like yours to publish a disgusting and sometimes nauseating thing such as that bit of tripe by Steve Allen [*Hyde Park: Adolescence*—March].

SIDNEY REID

One-Girl Fan Club

Sir: Thank you for your kind consideration. *Sherry Flip* [April] by James Hamrick was certainly worth waiting for. The word pictures were sensational. Being a native of Chicago, I could feel the dank dinginess of a rainy day on Van Buren and Wabash, and the fresh mowed lawns of Lake Forest were exhilarating. This talent is fresh and new.

The Ticket by Lawton was draggy and much too long. You need more sparkle to work into your good factual material and advertising.

RUTH M. SANDS

CORK

CHICAGO'S MOST UNUSUAL, SUMPTUOUS MENU.

ADAMS & CLINTON · CHICAGO
ACROSS FROM UNION STATION
ANdover 3-8310
MEMBER of DINER'S CLUB

FUN TONIGHT
AND EVERY NIGHT
TUESDAY THROUGH SATURDAY
AT CHICAGO'S NEWEST FUN SPOT
FUN FESTIVALS OF SONG
with gay
COMMUNITY SINGING
BISMARCK INN
128 N. LA SALLE—AROUND THE CORNER FROM "CINERAMA HOLIDAY"

In Chicago
FAMOUS DINING ROOMS
FOR FOODS SINCE 190
450 ROOMS With Bath
FAMOUS
HOTEL ATLANTIC
CLARK NEAR JACKSON
Write for free menu folder

& FORK

SALTIMDOCCA ALLA ROMANA

2 lbs. of veal cutlet sliced thin

1 teaspoon of sage

¼ lb. prosciutto, sliced thin

3 tablespoons of butter

Cut veal cutlet in pieces of about 5 inches square. On each piece sprinkle a little sage and sprinkle a slice of prosciutto on top, kept in place by a toothpick. Melt 2 tablespoons of butter in a frying pan and place meat in it. Sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper. Cook over a high fire for a few minutes on the veal side until it is well browned, and then on the prosciutto side for a very short time. Place the slices of cooked meat on serving dish, prosciutto side up. Add some chicken broth to contents of frying pan, and scrape bottom well. Add rest of butter and mix well over low fire. Pour gravy over meat.

Chef, Italian Village

barbara carroll trio
NOW
london house
Michigan & Wacker
try a new approach to your date with a steak tonight til 4 a.m.
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Contributors

The sprightly arrangement of palaces and royalty on the cover was designed by Robert Katzman, who has his own commercial art studio and also does more serious painting and drawing—witness his illustrations for *As We Were* in this issue. The picture of Claudia Cassidy, a rarely photographed lady, came from a mysterious source.

Nelson Algren United Press Photo

Nelson Algren, who did the poetic meditation on the Black Sox scandal, is also the author of *The Man with the Golden Arm,* which has lately been mangled by Hollywood. Last month he published another novel, *A Walk on the Wild Side,* which he hopes to be able to afford to keep away from the West Coast. It may, however, become a play.

The molten, incandescent exposition of Claudia Cassidy's administration was made by Bernard Asbell, one of CHICAGO's acrid, smouldering editors.

Most people know who Adlai Stevenson is.

The shadow pictures were taken by Edward Wallowitch, a former resident of Philadelphia and Rogers Park who is now a free lance photographer in New York.

George Mann, who takes after air pollutors, has previously used these pages to berate lampreys and dunes predators.

Lisa Redfield Peattie, who tells what Indians do when they live in Iowa, is an instructor in the college of the University of Chicago. She found out by taking part in the long-term program of the university's anthropology department designed for study of the Fox and assistance to them. Mrs. Peattie is the daughter of Robert Redfield, a U. of C. anthropologist of world-wide renown. Herbert Becker, who took the pictures, is also an anthropologist.

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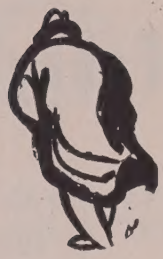

by Alan Whitney

Calling that big bridge that isn't on the South Side but will be he "Calumet skyway" is all right ow, when it doesn't exist, but it will ave to stop when the project is ac-ually built. There's already a Calumet xpressway in the same general part f town, and giving both facilities the ame name can only lead to more con-usion than is normal around here. ince the expressway had the name irst, it should be allowed to keep it, nd the skyway should be given a ifferent title. A suitable one might be Hoosier skyway," in honor of the eople of Indiana. If they hadn't eneged on the plan to connect their urnpike with the expressway, there vouldn't even have to be a skyway.

VFMT'S SINGULAR CONTRIBUTIONS to he city's culture are sincerely ap-reciated, but that announcer's ef-orts to change the names of the treets are not. Devon avenue just an't be pronounced with the accent n the first syllable. If he gets away vith "DEV-on," the next thing we now he'll be trying to fool around vith such other proud names as Hon-ree and Gothee.

HE SECTION OF THE POPULACE that ets a big kick out of risking lives by oing too fast in mutated cars has ately been deluging the newspapers vith letters demanding that the city elp with the slaughter. The hot rod-lers plead that some municipal agency hould build them a "drag strip" so hey can roar and squeal around with-ut mangling more prudent citizens. hey have a strange philosophy of overnment. The city's responsibilty nds with keeping them off the treets. It has no legal or moral obliga-ion to provide them with alternative lood-letting facilities.

HIS T. COLEMAN ANDREWS is shaping p as this country's most unreasonable acsimile of France's Poujade. He sed to be head of the internal reve-ue bureau, and now he's going round inveighing and signing ar-icles against the income tax.

His resemblance to Poujade in-ludes not only his opposition to the ax, but the essential negativism of his approach. He hardly ever says anything about what he would substitute for the income tax, and when he does his recommendations vaguely suggest that somebody else ought to give some thought to an alternative.

When anybody asks Andrews why he never criticized the income tax when he was collecting it, he replies that nobody asked him about it, that it was his job to run the system, rather than to reform it.

It is likely that most parts of the government have some imperfections, and that their administrators see some need for improvement. But putting a man who is violently opposed to an agency's whole existence in charge of that agency is a strange way to run a railroad, government or anything.

Such thinking can only lead to some kind of disaster—such as Paddy Bauler being named recording secretary of the WCTU.

THE DAILY NEWS has, commendably enough, been investigating the alleged fixing of drunken driving raps in the new traffic court center on La Salle street. In its first story on the subject, the paper suggested that changes of venue were the backbone of the racket—a lawyer would keep switching judges until he got one he knew would fix the case for him.

A later story reported that the authorities had devised a plan to deal with the problem. They would change the assignment system so a lawyer couldn't tell in advance which judge would be in which courtroom.

This is an eminently defeatist solution. If any of the judges are crooks, they should be thrown out, not separated from temptation like little boys being locked out of the pantry.

THE ADS GLORIFYING the new Sun-Times building under construction on the north bank of the river contain a recognition of the opposition's existence that is rare in inter-newspaper relations. The architect's drawing of the setting includes the Tribune Tower, although it is on the extreme right (appropriately enough) of the picture and could easily have been cut off. The artist was not carried away by the fraternal spirit, however. He gave the Sun-Times building a large American flag, but omitted that touch from the rival citadel.

This subtle deemphasis of the opposition is about the hottest kind of competition that the papers display anymore. There seems to be an unwritten agreement among the publishers not to criticize each other's products, perhaps lest the public thereby get the idea that none of them is perfect.

The essential lack of antagonism has trickled down to the staffs of the papers in magnified form, with the result that rival reporters assigned to a story will often work in concert without the slightest pretense of trying to outdo each other.

Thus, laymen used to the frenzied attempts of movie journalists to score scoops would have been sorely disillusioned by an incident that occurred at a luncheon where Robert M. Hutchins was speaking. One reporter discovered the presence of a group of American Legionnaires from the faction friendly to Hutchins. Instead of merely noting this fact or unobtrusively questioning the Legion men, he immediately returned to the press table and revealed his discovery to his supposed competitors. Then they all went over in a group and took down the same information from the guests.

(Despite the identical research, however, the *Daily News* managed to come up with a story on the luncheon that had a unique twist. The last paragraph said: "In New York, it was announced that Hutchins and other officers have been reelected president of the Fund.")

This non-competitive kind of competition contrasts sharply with the very competitive type that once existed among the local bugles. An example of the older approach is this item from the April 14, 1880, issue of the *Inter Ocean:*

"Lewis Roberts, 12 years old, was sent to the Criminal court, en route to the reform school, yesterday for stealing $15 from his father, David Roberts, of No. 227 West Chicago Avenue. The lad has a comfortable home, but prefers running around town peddling the *Daily News* to going to school and behaving himself generally." ■

Fanny's World's Most Famous Spaghetti Sa

NATIONAL AWARD
1951

INTERNATIONAL AWARD
1955

Fanny's "Society and Celebrity Center"
"A Wise Man Always Eats Well"

Ancient Chinese Proverb

FANNY'S — Is the most unique cafe of its type in America ** it was established July 22, 1946 ** some of the most out- outstanding personalities in America have dined here ** you are welcome to look at the guest books. In two years it had the distinction of having been written up in fifteen National newspapers and eight magazines.

FANNY'S — Is an immaculately clean place ** with silverware and linen of the home type. Usually cheap prices and good cuisine do not go together ** A humble hen has never been known to lay an egg that hatched out into a pheas- ant. One of the secrets of Fanny's fabulous success story is that she has broken every rule and regulation ** on how to run a restaurant successfully ** because she has built a world renowned establishment on the finest quality foods obtainable ** skillfully prepared ** and served at the most modest prices imaginable ** one time that a humble hen did lay an egg that did hatch out into a pheasant. Fanny's theories about running a suc- cessful restaurant are that 1. By concentrating herself into the very lowest rental area possible she could afford to buy and serve the kind of foods even the better plush-plush restaurants cannot afford to serve because of their excessive overhead ** 2. Fanny said . . . "why the overhead . . . let's put it into the food instead" . . . and she proceeded to do so. 3. Fanny believed in Emerson's adage which says "That if you can build a better mouse trap than your neighbor, the world will beat a pathway to your door . . ." She proved that adage to be true ** people have beaten a pathway to her door ** 4. Fanny also believes that it is no trick to get people to come into one's restaurant once ** but to keep them coming in year in and year out ** as she has done ** proved that her theories are sound and safe. 5. Fanny says it takes a lot of work and ingenuity to reach that top rung of the ladder of success ** twice as much to maintain it ** 6. The slightest deviation from one's standards and high principles and everything is lost ** Fanny always supervises everything cooked and prepared in her kitchen ** and to this day ** still prepares much of the food herself.

FANNY'S — Success ** is due to the fact that she places greater stress on the quality of her food and cuisine than on decorations. Good food is a restaurant's only worthwhile ad ** and all the gold leaf in the world cannot com- pete with a refined palate. Nowhere in America can you get spaghetti like hers ** and as expensively made ** entirely of butter and finest chicken and beef ** and so delicately spiced that it is truly a gourmet's delight ** and nowhere else can you get such clean crisp salads with Fanny's own special dressings ** her pecan-orange juice dressing ** has become as famous as her chicken ** which comes fresh from Arkansas every day.

FANNY'S — Is the home of good cheer ** where the "nicest" people congregate ** and have fun every night ** many times small groups of friends will meet and sing as they do in the charming cafes of Vienna and the little cafes on the left bank of the Seine in Paris.

FANNY'S — Gives you a new start in life because of the gastronomical treat in store for you and because everyone con- nected with her establishment is happy and happy to make your dining here ** a happy time too.

FANNY'S

World Famous Restaurant — **Society & Celebrity Center**

SOUTHERN FRIED CHICKEN AND SPAGHETTI orders put up to take out for small or large parties daily and Sunday until 1(P.M.

ENTERTAIN YOUR FRIENDS AND OUT-OF-TOWN GUESTS AT FANNY'S because they too . . . will be simply DELIGHTED AIR-CONDITIONED DINING ROOMS available for private parties . . . business meetings . . . or social affairs.

DINING HOURS EVERY WEEK DAY 11:30 to 2:30 and 5 P.M. to 10 P.M. Sunday hours 12 Noon to 10 P.M. . . . Reservation requested.

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